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The Mercury

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Established June, 1766, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

BROADWAY IS OPENED

After many weeks Broadway is now partially open to traffic again, the east side having been cleared on Wednesday, so that vehicles can now use the completed pavement on that side from the wooden blocks at Lake's Corner to Bliss Road. From Bliss Road north, the pavement will be thrown open for use at intervals as the concrete has a chance to cure. Those who have ridden over the new street are greatly pleased at the wonderful improvement and all are hopeful that it will stand up for a length of time commensurate with the cost. There is no question about the top pavement—that is fine and is well built, and if the lack of foundation does not destroy it, it will certainly prove a good investment.

Good progress is now being made on the west side of the street, and it looks as if that might be finished in shorter time than the first side, because of the fact that there are fewer obstructions to be met with in the shape of delayed preliminary work. The track men of the Newport & Providence Street Railway are making things hum, and the old rails have been taken up to a point near Malbone Road. Following them come the trench diggers and another gang of men is putting in the drain pipes. Still further back is another gang replacing the ties and laying the rail which have been prepared in advance. As soon as this gang has proceeded a sufficient distance to make fast work, the concrete machine will lay the foundation between the rails and on top of this will be placed the granite blocks.

It will probably be the policy to complete most of the track work to the Mile Corner before proceeding to tear up the section of roadway west of the tracks, but when that is once begun, it does not take long to finish the whole job. The big steam shovel will do the excavating, and will be quickly followed by the concrete mixer which will lay the finished pavement. The steam shovel is now excavating for the street railway work, and it will probably continue to the end of that part of the work before going back to Lake's Corner to resume operations.

In opening Broadway, the highway department has filled up the joints into the adjacent streets, so that there will be no bad bumps between the old and the new.

In the District court on Tuesday, John Goode was adjudged guilty of manslaughter in causing the death of Cecil Quintyne, who was killed while riding his bicycle on Third street a few weeks ago. He was held for the grand jury in \$3000 bail, which was furnished. On charge of operating a motor vehicle without a license, he was fined \$10 and appealed, bail being furnished.

The Rogers High School Athletic Association has taken a lease of Freebody Park for a period of five years, subject to use by the men of the army and navy. This will give the school boys an excellent field and greatly improved accommodations.

BLOCK ISLAND OUTING

The plans for Kolah Grotto's trip to Block Island on Saturday of next week have come on apace, and the attendance promises to sweep over all calculations of the committee. Throughout New England Prophets of the Enchanted Realm are taking a deep interest in the affair—an interest that is clearly shown by the fact that they are not only talking about it, but paying down the good hard cash for tickets in advance. After Monday no more tickets will be sold as final arrangements must be made at that time for the accommodation of the many visitors to the Island. It is no easy task to get provisions to Block Island for a large crowd at short notice, nor is it easy at this time of year to provide sleeping accommodations for many visitors, because most of the hotels there have not yet opened for the season. Mr. O. C. Rose, proprietor of the Eureka Hotel, will take as many as possible in his own house, and will make arrangements for the overflow in such places as are available.

The far-reaching effect of the announcement of the Block Island trip is best evidenced by the fact that members of Bela Grotto of Springfield have bought and paid for over fifty tickets. Hejaz Grotto of New Haven about forty, both of these Grottos being located at cities many miles from the steamboat terminus. Suhrah Grotto of Providence will send a large delegation, accompanied by their band. Azab Grotto of Fall River had a large meeting Wednesday evening, at which Chief Justice James P. Cozzens told the Prophets further details of the trip, with the result that a large number of tickets were sold on the spot. Nearly every Grotto in New England will send a delegation, large or small, and most of them will be large. Kolah Grotto, of Newport, which is sponsoring the trip, will carry a large delegation with its uniformed units. Monarch Farnum is bending every effort to secure a large attendance from this city, while Hugo R. Anthony is looking after the arrangements at the Island.

The Prophets from Providence, Springfield and other parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut will take the steamer New Shoreham, leaving Providence Saturday afternoon, June 7. At Newport the Prophets from Newport and Fall River will join the party and a merry sail across the waters to Block Island is assured. At Block Island the visitors will proceed directly to the Eureka, where dinner will be served and afterward there will be a parade through the principal streets of the town, terminating at the Theatre, where the Ceremonial will be put on. Later in the evening Manisses Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will entertain the visitors at an informal dance and refreshments will be served.

Breakfast will be served in the Eureka Sunday morning and there will be a noon dinner for those who have engaged it in advance. The New Shoreham will leave Block Island for the return trip at 2.00 o'clock Sunday afternoon and should reach Newport about 4.00 o'clock.

MISS ADA F. BLISS

Miss Ada F. Bliss, for many years treasurer of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, died at the residence of her brother Mr. George F. Bliss, on Van Zandt avenue, on Monday. She had been in poor health for a long time. She was a daughter of the late John J. Bliss, and a sister of General Herbert Bliss and Mr. George F. Bliss. A sister, Mrs. Laura Bearce, is living in California.

Funeral services were held on Thursday and were attended by the members of Aquidneck Chapter, the Eastern Star ritual being conducted at the grave.

Next Sunday afternoon Washington Commandery will attend Divine service at Emmanuel Church, where the acting Rector, Rev. Roy W. Magoun, will deliver a sermon appropriate to Ascension Day. The Commandery will be accompanied by Kolah Grotto Band, and will be under the command of Eminent Commander Fred W. Johnstone.

TO WIDEN BATH ROAD

Steps have again been taken looking toward the widening of Bath Road and the eliminating of the bad corner which marks the turn from the new boulevard into the narrow section of that roadway. This will be an improvement if it can be carried through, but the problem will not be solved until the street is widened clear to Bellevue avenue.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Wednesday evening, Mayor Sullivan reported that Dr. Matthews is willing to sell one piece of land needed for just what it cost him, and Mrs. Mary C. Waters will sell hers for \$6200, which includes the cost of moving her building back. The matter was referred to a committee consisting of Aldermen Hanley, Kirby and Allan. To the same committee also was referred a communication from Mr. John Thompson Spencer, urging the city to accept the offer of Mr. J. K. Sullivan to give a strip of land for desirable widening at Hill Top Inn.

Architect Upjohn was present to explain suggestions for beautifying the approach to the new Beach buildings, and City Engineer Easton went into consultation with him over plans. The matter will be taken up further.

The board found that the city's credit was good and that a substantial premium would be paid for city bonds. A lot of \$150,000 Broadway and Bellevue avenue pavement bonds were sold to Blodgett & Co. for 101.928. Much routine business was transacted.

SUPERIOR COURT

The Superior Court for Newport County will open its June session in this city on Monday. The first business will be the swearing in of candidates for grand jury duty, and that body will then retire to consider a number of matters that have been awaiting their attention.

The docket of civil cases is unusually long for this term and if they are all taken up, the session will be a busy one. The number of petitions for naturalization is not as large as it has sometimes been, and the number of new divorce cases is not unusually large. The new cases on the divorce docket are as follows:

Vata M. Caratazola vs. Frederick Caratazola, Rachel V. Boreson vs. Berger M. Boreson, Jessie Margaret Buddlong vs. Milton J. Buddlong, Martha Annie Aloise vs. John Elliot Aloise, Elizabeth T. Waters vs. John B. Waters, William T. Peckham vs. Jeanette M. Peckham, Emily M. Parsonage vs. Joseph B. Parsonage, Priscilla Tomlinaga vs. Seecho Tomlinaga, Grace E. Peacock vs. George W. Peacock, Margaret M. Cunningham vs. John J. Cunningham, Henry D. Root vs. Lydia K. M. Root, Caroline Leary vs. George Leary, John Joseph Newman vs. Viva P. E. Newman, David Diamond vs. Minnie Diamond.

The new golf course of the Newport Country Club has been opened for the use of members and it is pronounced one of the finest in the country. The Club has expended about \$100,000 in rebuilding the old links and adding seven entirely new holes on a plot of ground purchased some time ago. It is hoped that the Club may secure some of the leading golf events of the country to be played over this course, and steps towards that end will be taken during the ensuing fall and winter.

Preparations are rapidly going forward for the testimonial to be given to Captain Frank Taylor Evans by the citizens of Newport previous to his departure for sea duty. Mayor Sullivan, who will be chairman of the general committee, has named a large finance committee and also a program committee consisting of 181 members. Meetings of both committees have been held and the members now have something to work on.

Although far from completed, Newport Beach was opened to the public on Friday. Work will be pushed along as rapidly as possible in order to have the bathing sections ready for the opening of the regular summer season.

WAR COLLEGE GRADUATION

Hon. Curtis D. Wilbur, the new Secretary of the Navy, made his first visit to Newport on Thursday for the purpose of delivering the address to the members of the graduating classes of the Naval War College here. He was received with the honors due his rank, was entertained at luncheon, and afterward paid a visit of inspection to the Naval Torpedo Station at the request of Captain Earle. The day was as usual a gala occasion in naval circles in Newport, with the full dress of the officers of the navy visible everywhere.

There were seventy-two members of the two classes that were graduated from the War College this year. Formerly there was but one course, and each member of the classes was supposed to remain here until the course was completed. This year there is a senior and a junior course, and although the senior is the larger the junior is by no means unimportant.

Most of the members of the classes will at once disperse to new fields of duty. Some are assigned to sea duty at home or abroad, and a very few are retained here for duty on the college staff. The members of the new class will soon begin to arrive, many of them having already engaged their apartments here for the next year or two.

VAN RENSSLAER LODGE

At the annual meeting of Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, held on Friday evening, May 23, T. Jefferson Bissel was elected Thrice Potent Master. There was a large representation from the bodies of the Rite in Rhode Island, headed by the illustrious Deputy William I. Sweet, who presided over the election and installed the officers with the assistance of Norris G. Abbott as Master of Ceremonies. Previous to the meeting, an excellent dinner was served in the social rooms of the Masonic Temple and addresses were made. The retiring Master Alvah H. Sanborn, was presented with a handsome jewel emblematic of his rank.

The new officers of the Lodge are as follows:

Thrice Potent Master—T. Jefferson Bissel.
Deputy Master—Benjamin F. Downing.
Senior Warden—Chester Staats.
Junior Warden—William A. Perkins.
Orator—Dudley E. Campbell.
Treasurer—Karl Bostel.
Secretary—Alexander J. MacIver.
Master of Ceremonies—Edward Stimpson.
Hospitalier—W. Douglas Hazard.
Guard—Benjamin H. Winans.
Tyler—John F. Titus.

NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the Newport Historical Society was held on Tuesday afternoon, with Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., the president, in the chair. Various annual reports were read, and Secretary Lloyd M. Mayer read an interesting account of the dedication of the Settlers Stone at Coasters Harbor Island. The following officers were unanimously elected:

President—Roderick Terry, D. D.
Vice Presidents—Frank K. Sturgis, Alfred Tuckerman, Darius Baker.
Recording Secretary—Lloyd M. Mayer.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Maud L. Stevens.
Treasurer—William Stevens.
Librarian and Assistant Treasurer—Lloyd M. Mayer.
Curator of Coins and Medals—Dr. F. P. Robinson.
Board of Directors for Three Years—Mrs. Harold Brown, Dr. William S. Sherman, Mrs. Walter N. Hill, Mrs. William H. Birkhead.

Looks as if Spring had really come at last. The weather has been very mild and the sun has shown its face for a full day.

A traffic officer has been stationed at Gould and Warner streets, where serious accidents have occurred in the past.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Another Native Yeoman Passes Away

Fifty years ago he farms on Rhode Island were almost exclusively cultivated by native born farmers, who regarded their calling and vocation as both useful and honorable. Many there were bearing the name of Anthony, Barker, Brown, Chase, Coggeshall, Hazard, Lawton, Peckham, Sherman, Sisson and Smith. Now only a few are found bearing any of these names. On the west side of the Island the Chases and Coggeshalls predominated and owned a large portion of the land. James Chase, the great-grandfather of Henry I. Chase, who died on last Saturday, owned nearly four hundred acres on the shores of Narragansett Bay, nearly all of which has gone into the possession of strangers. Henry I. Chase was the only Chase cultivating any part of this four hundred acres, at the time of his decease. Other relatives of the same ancestry who had inherited portions of the same estate, had sold their heritage and adopted other pursuits for gaining a livelihood. All of which very forcibly illustrates the great changes in our Rhode Island community during the last half-century. Mr. Chase received his training in agriculture from his father Robert S. Chase, who was a practical farmer, had a conservative bent of mind, but withal was progressive. Both father and son were domestic in their inclinations, and found their chief delight in cultivating their farms and in rearing and providing for their families.

At the urgent solicitation of his fellow-townsmen, Henry I. Chase consented to become a member of the town council of Middletown, and was first elected to that body in April, 1896, and continuously re-elected each year until 1906. In April, 1911, he was again elected and served as President for two years. In November, 1918, he was elected a Representative to the General Assembly and served one term. In November, 1921, he was elected Senator. In his religious belief he was in accord with that professed by his father's family and had been a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church since early youth. He had recently been chosen Senior Warden of St. Mary's Parish, South Portsmouth, and had been a trustee of the Chapel of the Holy Cross in Middletown for thirty years. He kept the faith and observed the traditions of his elders, and thereby earned the confidence and esteem of his associates in church, in business, and in the government of his native town.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. Van-Beuren have returned from a trip around the world and will occupy their home, "Sunnyfields Farm," on Mitchell Lane for the summer.

Mr. George Irish, who has been at the Newport Hospital for the past six weeks where he underwent an operation, has returned to his home on Paradise avenue.

An auction sale of household furnishings was held on Tuesday at "Greencroft," the former Kimber home near the Two Mile Corner.

Mrs. T. J. Emery has arrived at her summer home, "Mariemont," on Honeymann Hill for the season. Mrs. Emery has been spending the winter in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Thomas Molden has been confined to her home by illness.

Miss Mary Cusick, who has been spending the past eighteen months with Miss Adeline Tuck at her home, "Forest Farm," has gone to New York. She will join her mother, Mrs. Eugene Cusick, and will sail for Paris.

The next meeting of Aquidneck Grange will be held at the town hall on June 12th. An entertainment under the direction of Mrs. Fred P. Weber will be given, which will be a decidedly novel affair.

The links of the Waumetonomy Golf and Country Club were opened for the season on Memorial Day, and are now in excellent condition. Since last year considerable improvement has been made, especially to the greens which did not produce a good sod last summer. This year, due to the heavy rains, the sod is in excellent condition.

There was a bad automobile accident near Valley Inn in Middletown late Wednesday evening. A light sedan was overturned and the occupants thrown out, but they luckily escaped serious injury.

The oil tanker Llewellyn Howland is gradually breaking up and settling in the water. No more trouble from oil is expected.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Red Cross Meeting

The monthly meeting of the Portsmouth Branch of the American Red Cross Society was held on Monday evening at the Portsmouth Library with the chairman, Mr. B. Earl Anthony presiding. Fifteen members were present.

The public health nurse, Mrs. Helen Keller, gave a report of her work, making 23 visits to sick adult patients, and 10 school visits. She has given talks at each school visited and has given a short address to the teachers.

The treasurer announced the receipt of the sum of \$49 as the proceeds of a comedy given by the Portsmouth Girls' Club for the benefit of the nursing fund. A letter of thanks was extended to the Girls' Club for their kindness.

Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R. held an all day sewing bee on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Charles Crundall, Newport.

Mrs. Charles G. Clarke, who recently underwent a very serious operation at the Newport Hospital, is somewhat improved.

The garage which is being erected on the William J. Brown lot just north of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Murphy, by Usher & Holman, is nearing completion.

A new fence is being built around the grounds at the Newport County Fair Grounds.

A Ku Klux Klan meeting was held on Monday evening in this town. A fiery cross was burned in a field in the vicinity of the Newport County Fair Grounds, which was observed by a number of persons. A large number of automobiles were parked in that vicinity, which would indicate that the Klan meeting was very well attended.

Alterations are being made on the buildings at the Newport County Fair Grounds, and much necessary work is being done. At present the theatre building is receiving attention.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holman have had as guests Mrs. M. Annie Fluegel and Mrs. Kirtland H. Wilson of Providence.

An epidemic of German measles has been prevalent in the Vaudeuse School.

Many persons have been to Wapping Road recently to gather wild flowers. The jacks-in the pulpit are the principal attraction but other flowers are seen there.

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. E. F., was held on Wednesday evening at Oakland Hall with Noble Grand Sarah A. Handy presiding. The President of the Rebekah Assembly, Mrs. Alice B. Fitz and official board were present as were many officers and members of Emma Rebekah Lodge, No. 17, and Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, I. O. E. F., of Newport. The Degree team of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, under the direction of Degree Master Mr. David B. Lawton of Newport, worked the initiation on four candidates, after which the President, Mrs. Fitz took charge of the meeting and held a school of instruction.

A minstrel show and dance was held at Mayer Hall on Tuesday evening by the social club of St. Anthony's Church. The affair was a success in every way. The hall was crowded and those present thoroughly enjoyed the jokes of the end men and the songs with local hits were greatly appreciated.

The new public health nurse of the Portsmouth Branch of the American Red Cross Society, Mrs. Helen Keller, was presented with a beautiful May basket by the treasurer, Mr. Alfred C. Hall. This was the gift of an unknown friend and besides the usual candy and fruit was found to contain a string of amethyst beads and a package of note paper. It was a complete surprise to Mrs. Keller, who wished her thanks returned to her unknown friend.

It is understood that a prominent local man has been appointed a special Federal agent to enforce the prohibition laws, and already considerable activity has been shown within the city limits, which may or may not be due to his appointment. On Wednesday there was considerable activity among the Federal forces in Newport, and several arrests of local men were made, arraignment being before the United States Commissioner in Providence.

Chief Engineer Andrew J. Kirwin of the Newport Fire Department, has been restored to duty after having been suspended for a few days by the Mayor.

Pay Gravel

HUGH
PENDEXTER

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—In the late summer of 1919, Peter Dinsdale, on his way to the Black Hills to join the throng of gold-seekers, makes the acquaintance of the keeper of a Deadwood gambling house, San Juan Joe, who is returning to Deadwood.

CHAPTER II.—On their way through Red canyon, Dinsdale and Joe, who, apparently, are not on the same level, find a young woman running from a party of Indians and the two men ride through her pursuers, killing three. Where the girl's party had been surprised the travelers discover nine dead bodies, the girl being the only survivor of the outfit. After a running fight, in which two more Indians are killed, the three reach the end of the canyon, and safety. The girl tells them her name is Lottie Carl, and she has no relatives. At Custer City they hear of the killing of "Wild Bill" Hickok at Deadwood, and the two men, in a momentary release of his slayer, near Deadwood, they overtake a "prospector" whom Joe calls as old "Iron Pyrites."

CHAPTER III.—At Deadwood City San Juan Joe, popular in the community, is given an enthusiastic welcome, which is extended to Dinsdale when the story of the wiping out of the Indians and the killing of the five Indians is told. Dinsdale tells Joe of the robbery of Union Pacific train at Ogallala, and the gambler, who is the crowd, Joe takes Dinsdale and Lottie to the house of a woman of the town, Kitty the Bohemian, Joe's mistress, where the gambler had intended to install Lottie. Dinsdale refuses to allow it, and after a somewhat bitter quarrel, Lottie leaves, taking Lottie to a house where she will be safeguarded, and finding other lodgings for himself. Dinsdale saves an apparently innocent-looking Indian, known as Scissors, from mistreatment at the hands of a "bad man," Sandy Allen, who vows vengeance on Dinsdale.

CHAPTER IV.—Some days later Dinsdale again meets Scissors, whose name is derived from his ability to cut with paper and scissors, remarkable likenesses of persons, or anything that strikes his fancy. Dinsdale takes to him. Iron Pyrites arrives in town, San Juan Joe hints to Dinsdale that the town is sifting him up as a road-agent. The train robber, and advises him to go with Pyrites to a prospecting trip. He also hints of coming profitable work in which he can interest Dinsdale.

CHAPTER V.—At a meeting of road-agents plans are made to rob one of the treasure-caches which, under heavy guard, periodically leave Deadwood for the outside world. Dinsdale acquires a reputation as a reckless gambler and an expert gunman. San Juan Joe, believing Dinsdale to be a train robber, warns him of the coming of "Jim Omaha," Union Pacific detective, and again advises him to take a prospecting trip with Pyrites. Dinsdale appears reluctant. Dinsdale kills Allen.

CHAPTER VI.—While with Pyrites, prospecting, Dinsdale blunders onto a large log cabin, apparently unoccupied. The place is a trap, and he is captured. The place is deserted, and he is left alone. Investigation discloses a recently occupied, through which Dinsdale enters a cellar, finding a store of jewelry, gold dust and nuggets, obviously the proceeds of robbery. While Dinsdale is in the cellar, a man enters the cabin. Dinsdale calls to him to come down, and taking him by surprise, knocks him senseless. He makes his way back to Pyrites.

CHAPTER VII.—The two make their way to Rapid City. In a gambling place a stranger attracts attention by his constant repetition of a verse of an old song, and by his bandaged head. Dinsdale wins a large sum from him. The stranger tells him his name is "Easy." Telling Pyrites he believes "Easy" is the man he slugged in the cabin, Dinsdale sets out with Scissors for Deadwood.

CHAPTER VIII

The Trap at Mato Tipi. Dinsdale was very curious for the latest news from Deadwood City, but Scissors galloped ahead, until they were clear of the town and defeated all attempts at conversation. When the picture-man slackened his pace it was to ask:

"You are still carrying considerable money with you?"

"About thirty-five hundred more than I had when I left Deadwood. Took that much from the fellow with the busted head. I'm remembering that I owe you a prize for tipping the dock."

"I wasn't thinking of that. I knew you'd treat me all right. Any one could have tipped the deck, but a wakan withshash is better than a common man," gravely said Scissors. "I've learned things from being around gambling places. Only a road agent, or a gambler would bet so much money on one card like that man did."

"I bet like he did," reminded Dinsdale, his eyes glinting.

"You're no road agent," promptly declared Scissors. "You haven't any partners up here. You may be a train robber. It's no business of mine if you're one or the other. But that man back there worries me. He's no gambler or I'd have seen him in Deadwood. A man willing to bet as he did wouldn't hang around Rapid City, drinking Calvin's whisky and singing his foolish songs. Not being a gambler, nor a robber, he must be an agent. As robbing folks is his business he won't knock down to losing so much money, nor letting you get away with what was your own. If I was a card-man I'd bet we'd be held up inside the next ten miles."

Dinsdale was freshly concerned, although he turned his eyes and grimly declared:

"Let them come. You just lay low

and when they heave in sight leave it to me to receive them."

"My old owl would know better than to make such talk. He'd know the agents would never give you a chance to pull a gun. The man with the sore head will tell his mates—and he has men within call—that it'll be dangerous to give you a show. We're fools to be following this road to be overtaken. Your horse is tired. Mine isn't much good. They're got the best horseflesh in the hills. This minute they're probably pounding after us, taking it easy so's not to overheat us till we're quite a few miles from Rapid City."

Dinsdale glanced over the winding back trail, then pleased his companion by saying:

"I'm not a fool even if I do wear two belt-guns. We'll swing one side if you think best. I have quite a lot of money on me in greenbacks and a decent pot of gold. What's more, San Juan Joe is in a hurry to see me on a business deal. I can run just as smart as I can fight."

"Good! Now you make a medicine talk!" cried Scissors; and within the next quarter of a mile they turned down a narrow gorge that ran east. They followed this for less than two miles and then swung back until they were moving parallel to the stage road and separated from it by a long ridge. Pointing to the ridge Scissors announced:

"From the top of that one can look down on the stage road. If we had time to spare we could get up there and see if the soreheaded man and his friends are after us."

"We'll take time. I'd like to be sure if that's Mr. Easy's game," declared Dinsdale.

Scissors turned in toward the ridge and galloped to a clump of spruce and secured his horse. Dinsdale did likewise. As they neared the crest Scissors directed:

"Take off your hat and play Indian. Just below us the road narrows. Stage drivers call it the 'bottle.' Maybe Sorehead hasn't had time to fetch his friends along. Maybe they're taking it comfortable and planning to jump us after we've camped. We'll see."

They cautiously lifted their heads and pulled aside the grass. They watched for a minute and then beheld some objects rapidly advancing into the middle distance. They were horsemen and riding furiously. Dinsdale counted six. From their elevated po-



Dinsdale Counted Six.

sition it was impossible to distinguish one from another except the man who rode next to the leader. He wore something white about his head.

"My debt to you increases, Scissors," muttered Dinsdale. "The second man was Easy, and he's after my money. The way they're traveling shows they're keen to have it over with as soon as possible."

"I'm very wakan. My pictures are wakan. But the pictures I see inside my head are taken wakan—most mysterious and wonderful. I dream of hawks, which is very lucky," proudly retorted Scissors. "Now we must get back to the horses and ride fast. For there's another gorge ahead and it's possible Sorehead will begin to suspect we're off the road and ride down the gorge to head us off. I shall feel better when we are beyond it."

The gorge was reached and passed with no signs of the hard-riding horsemen. Scissors' simple face was very grave and he was studying the surroundings sharply.

"You seem to know lots about Injuna," complimented Dinsdale, now throwing off his own abstraction.

"My mind is half red," murmured

Scissors.

"Do you see anything to put you on edge?"

"I see nothing, but I feel. I'm wakan—I feel things before they happen."

"Sorehead has guessed our trick?"

"I feel red. It's Indians I feel. There must be a big band quite close to the hills."

"Nonsense," scoffed Dinsdale.

"I have been in the ghost lodge of the Ogallala and watched them bury the red cloth to please Unktell, the water god, and his wife, the earth spirit. I have watched the circle dance, when they sang their songs to the Wakinyan, the Thunderers. Many red men believe the white men are whipped and these hills are at their mercy. I dreamed of a thunder-storm a few nights ago. That means a fight."

"Your mind is red, all right."

"I refuse to believe many superstitions of the white men. Ahead is a branch of the Box Elder; we can camp there."

They crossed the head of the branch and halted at a bend where Dinsdale found the charred sticks of old campfires. Scissors picked up a rusty hunting knife and some empty cartridge shells.

"Not Indian," he said. "Too many fires. Too big. This must be where the Custer expedition camped in 'seventy-four on its outward trip from the hills."

To the east was a long ridge and beyond that the plains began. The travelers refrained from making a fire until after sunset for fear the smoke might be seen by their pursuers. They dined on cooked meat and bread brought from Calvin's eating-house. After filling his pipe Dinsdale endeavored to learn something more about his companion's experience when a captive of the Indians, also something about his earlier antecedents, his birthplace, and the extent of his schooling. But Scissors for once was not responsive. He idly snipped pictures of animals out of paper and explained they were lesser wakanadas.

When pressed for his private history he showed impatience, and answered: "I forgot. It was a very long time ago—before I became wakan wishashash. A mystery man forgets useless things. See, now; a new picture. I could always do it."

And folding the paper several times he worked with his usual quickness and then opened the paper to disclose a chain of horsemen, the horses galloping at a mad gallop.

"The fellows we saw riding up the stage road," said Dinsdale.

"If I could meet some of them in San Juan's place I could get a dollar for it," mused Scissors as he carefully refolded the strip of figures. "Old Calvin wanted me to pay him a percentage for all I sold in the gambling hall. I wouldn't do it. The girl dealing twenty-one wouldn't let him order me out. I hope nothing happens to Sitting Bull while I'm gone. The Chinese cook said he would feed him just as I told him to. I think he will; he's afraid of me. Calls me a 'devil man.' I told him if the owl wasn't all right when I got back I'd make many pictures of him without his queue. He squealed like a rat. Ah! I hear an owl now. Some one's ghost is trying to tell me things."

"You give me the creeps," sleepily said Dinsdale.

They had rigged an extra blanket over some low hanging branches as a protection against the dew, and Dinsdale crawled under this and was soon asleep. Scissors remained for another hour, blinking at the coals and absent-mindedly playing with the scissors. A long-eared owl called to the eye of the fire and a timber wolf howled distantly. Covering the coals with gravel the picture man crawled in beside his companion.

Sunrise was free from fog and the two were up with the first light and eating their prepared food. Scissors was still apprehensive of danger, for he would have no fire kindled. They went without coffee, and the omission made Dinsdale sullen.

Shortly before noon they rode through the dry bed of Elk creek and by midday arrived at Bear creek. Halting at Bear only long enough to rest their mounts and swallow some meat and bread they entered a wide valley, running north and south, with Bear butte showing six miles ahead. They camped on the lower fork of Bear Butte creek and Dinsdale's mood improved when Scissors kindled a fire and placed the coffee on to boil. Scissors, too, was in a better humor and he made an elaborate picture of the flat-topped butte.

"What are they saying about me in Deadwood City, Scissors?"

The picture-man seemed to be befuddled for half a minute. He stared at Dinsdale stupidly while his wife tried to formulate an answer. At last he blurted out:

"You ain't blamed for killing Sandy Allen. Some men whisper that you're a road-agent. Others offer to bet you're a train robber."

"How would you bet?"

"Train robber," was the prompt reply; and Scissors reached in his pocket for another piece of paper. "You have more style in throwing money around than the agents have."

"Still you think it's safe for me to go back to town?"

"I'm a mystery man. I see things other folks don't see. There's a woman who'd do you harm, yet she'd act foolish if you'd be kind to her. She's talking and trying to make medicine against you. But folks think she's jealous. San Juan Joe is your friend. He speaks good words to the men of the city council about you. He tells them you're going into a business deal with him. Then there's the way you came through Red canyon. Folks can't forget that. Every time they see the

little girl they remember that. All that's against you is just talk. Bad talk."

"Scissors, I sweep my hat low to you. You have some brains. I believe you've read the cards right—all except about the jealous woman."

"Every one believes that. The woman shows it in lots of her talk. There's no other explanation for the way she gets after you. The town was stirred up a bit over Allen's death for a day or so, but now decent folks are glad he's dead. If you go back and quit down no one will trouble you."

"San Juan tells every one you and he are to organize a flume company to supply hydraulic power. That catches every one's fancy. Six men killed by Indians within four miles of Deadwood since you went away. Patrick and Saulsbury offer five hundred reward for the capture of any man who helped run off twenty head of their best stock from the French Creek station. They threaten to stop their stages if the horse thieves aren't caught pretty soon. So you see the gulch has other things on its mind besides you and your doings."

"I see. Any strangers in town?"

Scissors gaped in mild amazement. "Strangers? Why, you must know they're coming and going all the time. Only they don't go far because of the Indians."

Dinsdale puffed his pipe in silence for a minute, then asked:

"Ever you hear anything about a fellow called Omaha?"

Scissors pursed his lips and screwed up his whimsical features in an effort to remember. Then he slowly said:

"Name sounds familiar. Maybe it's because of the city by that name. Queer name for a man to have."

Dinsdale lapsed into meditation and did not hear the rambling talk of his companion, including a lengthy explanation of the various Sioux camps. He revealed his abstraction when he suddenly inquired:

"See anything of the girl I brought out of Red canyon? Little Carl is her name. She's staying with Widow Colt."

Scissors nodded eagerly.

"I've seen her on the street with Mrs. Colt. She never goes out alone. That makes me remember something else—Kitty the Bohemian went to the Colt house. The widow sent her out flying. They say Kitty was mad enough to chew up a harness. I'd forgotten all about that."

"So?" grunted Dinsdale. "How much more have you forgotten?"

"I don't know," was the frank reply. "Probably a lot. Since I became wakan I've forgotten lots of foolish stuff."

"Please don't forget we're going back to Deadwood City. When do we strike for the gulch?"

"We're wide of the stage road, and better so," readily replied Scissors. "Those men on horseback will string out and trail along to town and there's right into the gulch. Some of them will even risk riding into the town. Each one will be watching out for you. If we follow the middle branch of this creek to its head we'll be only a few miles south of Deadwood. There's an old trail that we can take."

"Listen, Scissors; I'm not afraid of those horse thieves trying any game close to Deadwood. Let's take the most direct way to town. I'm keen to get back."

Scissors grinned cunningly.

"Strike right out and have you get into a fight?" he said. "You'd say you'd killed a horse thief. How would you prove it? The town would say you're a natural-born gun fighter and always looking for trouble. They'd remember you left a dead man behind when you lit out with Pyrites. It would never do to mark your return with another dead man. San Juan Joe said—I just remember it this minute—that you couldn't stand having another killing to your credit till the first one is forgotten. He has lots of influence in town, but he can't use it all up on one man."

Dinsdale took a few farewell puffs at his pipe and knocked out the heel, and surrendered.

"I'm not looking for trouble. I'm ready for the middle fork of this creek. We'll make town as soon as possible and without making the eagle scream."

"That's my notion," heartily endorsed Scissors. "Turning in? Think I'll sit up a while and think things out. I don't sleep well. Too many dreams. Some are bad. Price a man pays for being wakan."

Nor did Dinsdale rest well that night. He dreamed of Little Carl being in the power of Kitty the Bohemian, of Mayor Farnum suddenly turning into a savage, of San Juan being killed in a fight. He was up early and wondering what could be the matter with his nerves. He walked some distance from the camp in the hope that exercise would clear away his

feeling of depression. He found where some one had dug into the marly shale, and, being ignorant of geology, was much surprised to discover fish spines and a coiled cephalopod in the broken formation. He carried his discoveries back to display to Scissors. The picture-man was sitting out the last of their meat. Flashing his task he explained:

"Either Indians, while hunting for a new medicine, or the men with the 'seventy-four expedition did it. The expedition quit the hills along about here, for they visited Bear butte. We can visit the butte, too, if you care to. It's only five miles from here and but a short distance beyond the middle fork, where we're bound for. Won't take more than thirty minutes to climb it. From the top we can see all over creation. If Easy and his friends are between us and Deadwood they'll be sure to have a camp and show a smoke."

The conical mass of Mato Tipi, rising abruptly from the plains to a height of twelve hundred feet, presented a singular appearance and one that appealed strongly to Dinsdale's love for the unusual. Already it had a distinct personality for him; an atmosphere resting on legends and the beliefs of the red men. On being questioned Scissors said it was difficult to climb unless one followed paths from the northwest or southeast sides.

"Do you want to visit the top?" asked Dinsdale.

"Only for the sake of looking for a hostile smoke. If alone I'd want to go, as it was there, at the top of Mato Tipi, that I gave the Ogallala Teton the slip. I went with a band to place small rocks in the trees in memory of the dead. I came down the southeast slope in the dark."

"An hour or two won't make any difference. We'll climb it and have a look around," agreed Dinsdale.

Secretly pleased at this decision Scissors brought up the horses and a short ride brought them to the middle fork of the creek. Splashing through the shallow waters Scissors led the way toward the southeast slope. As they advanced the mystery place became even more interesting. Dinsdale was surprised to discover he was anticipating pleasure from the trip.

They dismounted at a stretch of scrub-spruce at the base of the butte and Dinsdale was astounded at the abrupt change in his companion's deportment. It was as if the influence of Mato Tipi, the Grizzly Bear lodge, had reached down and gripped the picture-man and had stripped him of reason. From his pocket he produced the string of horsemen, cut out at the former camp, and, singing in the Teton dialect, proceeded to detach the foremost rider and pin the long strip and the single picture around Dinsdale's hat.

"What the devil!" sharply demanded Dinsdale, submitting to the decoration because of his surprise.

"Don't do anything. Don't look. Don't say anything. /Don't touch a gun. We've run into a trap," whispered Scissors.

"Indians!" muttered Dinsdale, standing motionless.

"In the scrub just beyond the mouth of the path. They'll riddle us if we try to mount. Do as I do and show no fear when they break cover!"

He knelt and began picking up small rocks, searching for those round and unweathered. Dinsdale dropped down beside him and blindly imitated his example. And as he picked up the stones Scissors sang in English the song he had sung in the Teton:

From everywhere they come flying,
From the north the wind is blowing to earth,
Rattling, flying, they come, they come,
From everywhere they come.

He ceased singing and made a little mound of the stones, using those Dinsdale had collected as well as his own. On top of the pile he placed his picture of Mato Tipi with a single stone to keep it from blowing away. Then rising to his feet and throwing back his head so as to gaze at the top of the butte he shouted in the Teton:

"Men from the earth we are. I have sung about something, for which have pity on us!"

To Dinsdale he whispered:

"More rocks and do as I do. I have repeated a Teton prayer to Tunkan."

As he spoke he finished gathering rocks, this time taking no care as to their shape, and walked to a tree and began placing them between the branches. Dinsdale did likewise.

Now came the last test. Slowly advancing toward the mouth of the path, by the side of which were crouched the Indians, and holding a rock in each hand, Scissors began shouting:

"They really say a white man turns red and comes to your mountain, O Tunkasila (grandfather), for help to escape from white men."

They passed through a fringe of sage, and Scissors stretched out his hands to brush the bushes back from the mouth of the path, and Dinsdale caught his first glimpse of the hidden warriors, several copper-colored faces glaring, several copper hands clutching rifles and revolvers. Then they were swarming out of their ambush and were aiming their weapons at the two white men. Nimble hands plucked the revolvers from Dinsdale's belt and searched Scissors in vain for arms. A warrior ran to the two horses and secured Dinsdale's rifle. Then the two were hurled to the ground.

"Show no fight," muttered Scissors. To his savage captors he boldly cried:

"Ha-ha, warriors! They say I come back to you with my two knives talking. They really say I bring a man who runs from the whites to save his life. No Strong Heart, who follow Tatankalyotaka (Sitting Bull) are here, for I see no war-bonnets made from the tail-feathers of eagles, with horns worn on the front. I see no old

men who belong to the White Horse Riders. I do not see Wasechuniar-hunka (American Horse), my brother. Two Knives Talking sees only strange warriors. He sees one with a cross on his tobacco bag and knows he is called Wawokiyapi (Helper of the Helpless) because he carried a wounded friend out of a fight. He sees a feather standing at the back of the head and knows the man has killed an enemy without any hurt to himself. He sees a man who has struck an enemy and wears his feather across the back of his head. He sees a man who has given his flesh to Wakantanka in the sun dance and carried six buffalo skulls. He sees another whose vow to Wakantanka brought him many cuts on his arms and chest."

"For such men Wakantanka has but one path. They must follow it even when it surely leads to death. Yet these men are not my friends. For they throw me down on the ground, and they throw my friend down beside me. They make ready to kill us. What have we done that these strange warriors should treat us so, when the mighty Tashunka-utco (Crazy Horse) would call us 'brothers,' and stretch out the left hand because his heart is on that side? Tashunka-utco does not see his friend, Two Knives Talking, and the other white man, who runs from the whites. His ears are closed, or he would hear my voice when I sing the song made for Mato Tipi—'Wakanyan make to Mato Tipi ca'—" he began singing. "In a sacred manner I am sitting at Bear lodge."

This voluble harangue, and the fact that there was none of the Ogallala who had not seen or heard of Scissors, stayed off immediate mutilation. Although deeply impressed by Scissors' speech and songs the Indians did not release the white men, but held them that on their backs and stared at them ferociously.

"Why do white men call out to Tunkan and sing the Mato Tipi song?" harshly demanded a man whose face was crossed by a scarcely healed wound, and whose arms and chest bore many welts—Wakantanka's receipts for vows fulfilled in various sun dances.

"Are we Shoshoni and should we sing to the moon?" countered Scissors. "We come to Mato Tipi to place stones on the dead. Then we would go to the camp of Crazy Horse. Now we are on our backs, looking up at the house of the thunders."

The leader's visage continued fierce and unrelenting, yet he refrained from speaking the word that would precipitate the butchery. After a minute of silence he sullenly said:

"Little Big Man has no white brothers. A voice says the white men go to fight with Wichajapanyami (Three-stars—Orook's Sioux name). They go to help fight against the Dakota."

"The voice lies," tersely corrected Scissors.

"What is the medicine on the hat of the white man?"

"White men tried to kill him. They say he sold a wagon of cartridges to the Cheyennes. He is a friend of High Wolf, the Cheyenne medicine-man."

The dots of perspiration on Dinsdale's face would have doubled had he understood this bold avowal. Scissors knew his statement was a desperate gamble. The effect on the warriors was pronounced, although they betrayed nothing except to look more closely at the paper pictures on Dinsdale's hat. One of them picked it up, and all quickly understood the story the pictures were meant to tell. The spirited action of the galloping horses appealed to them.

The horseman a few inches ahead of the united string was Dinsdale, of course. That all should be identical in outline impressed them as being very wakan. White men had sold metallic cartridges to the hostiles, and within a month a man had been caught with a wagon, filled with munitions, bound for a northern village. But if High Wolf, famous mystery man and wearer of a necklace of human fingers, should be within reach of a messenger the lie would be exposed offhand.

One of the warriors called attention to the paper picture of the butte. Except those holding the prisoners to ground, all advanced to this and examined it carefully. The small mound of Tunkan stones, together with the outline, formed a combination that Little Big Man dared not trifle with. He talked aside with a middle-aged warrior, then gave an order. One of the group produced a small mirror and ran into the path leading up the butte. To Scissors the leader said: "Soon it will be known in Tashunka-utco's camp at Slim Butte that Two Knives Talking and another white man are in our camp."

The prisoners were jerked to their feet, and no sooner were they erect than their hands were drawn behind them and fastened. Their horses were brought up and they were helped to mount. Little Big Man and the older warrior rode in the lead and struck off to the east of the butte and turned north.

The entire party appeared to be liberally supplied with ammunition, the horse being intended for game where a gunshot might give an alarm. A brisk ride of twelve miles and the party was fording the strong muddy current of the Belle Fourche, where once the Cheyennes had reined their corn. On the north bank an hour's halt was made among the cottonwoods to give the man with the mirror time to rejoin them. He came up at a handsome gallop and the journey was resumed. A few miles north of the river and on the head of Crow creek warriors and captives rode into a temporary camp.

A dozen warriors rushed forward, shouting and brandishing their knives.

Continued on Page 3



PAY GRAVEL

Continued from Page 2

as the prisoners were brought into camp. Little Big Man shouted for several minutes in a stentorian voice. Scissors interpreted for Dinsdale. The leader was telling of the capture and bragging mightily and demanding a new song be made for him. He talked into an anti-climax when a camp warrior informed him that the signals from the butte had been caught and a message sent to Crazy Horse. Little Big Man ordered the white men to be placed in a lodge with their hands tied behind them and their bodies roped to the center pole.

Suspended from a medicine pole beside the lodge was a strangled puppy, war medicine, Scissors explained. Hanging inside the lodge was a cavalry guidon, and an officer's glove, proofs of this particular band's participation in the fight on the Little Big Horn.

"Now what happens to us?" asked Dinsdale after they had been trussed up to the center pole and left alone.

"I'm wakan," doggedly replied Scissors. "I've placed stones to Tunkan. I must get you out of this. When I say for you to go, you scoot! Don't wait for me. They'll never harm me. I'm a big mystery man. I know their dream songs, their war songs. I've listened to their council songs, and I've sung their grass dance song! Little Big Man thinks he's got me in a hole because I run away. I went away to renew my medicine—just one weak spot; just one mistake. I'm sorry I said that about your being a friend to old High Wolf, the Cheyenne. Bah! He's up on the Little Missouri. Who's afraid? We are not."

"We'd better have chanced it with Easy's gang," muttered Dinsdale.

"It would have been over the quicker," maddily retorted Scissors. "Then with a flare of his old egoism: 'But I've spoken to Wakantanka. A man is never down as long as he can hope. Crazy Horse thought a lot of my medicine. Now look happy; some one is coming.'"

Three men, hearing a kettle of meat, entered the lodge. Dinsdale remembered he had eaten nothing since morning, and despite his serious predicament he was very hungry. The kettle gave off a savory odor. Two of the braves untied the things so the prisoners could bring their elbows to their sides and extend their hands forward. A bowl and a wooden spoon were given to each. For some minutes Dinsdale ate as if famished, then asked:

"What is it?"

"Wild onions boiled with dog."

"I don't think I'm hungry any more."

"Washte-helo! (Very good.) If I'd said elk or deer you'd come for a second helping. Shows what language does for a man."

And Scissors asked the brave to dish up more of the stew.

"Horse doesn't seem so bad, but dog—" muttered Dinsdale.

The kettle was removed and their arms were tightly pinioned. Scissors requested that the flap of the tent be pulled back the full width. "This allowed them to see what was going on in front of the lodge. Near the entrance two men were making shields of inch-thick hide taken from a buffalo bull's neck. The hide was pegged down on a thin layer of clay.



The Hide was Pegged Down on a Thin Layer of Clay.

falo bull's neck. The hide was pegged down on a thin layer of clay and was then covered with burning coals.

This process hardened it sufficiently to turn a lance point, or a round bullet. It was a striking incongruity of the campaign, bows and arrows and shields by the side of magazine rifles and metallic cartridges. Never again would the plains witness such a mingling of the old and the new.

Little Big Man strolled to the opening of the lodge. He was smoking a beautiful pipe of red sandstone. The bowl was inlaid with silver and the long reed stem was artistically decorated with feathers and quills. He offered the pipe to the sky and earth and to the cardinal points, but spoke no word to the prisoners.

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After waiting for a minute Scissors asked, "When can Two Knives Talking see his friend Crazy Horse?"

Little Big Man smiled cynically and replied: "If Two Knives Talking is wakan enough he can untie himself and go to see his friend."

"To be free of Little Big Man's clumsy cords is easy for the medicine of Two Knives Talking," gravely assured Scissors. "Will he find the road to Slim butte open?"

And he brought his hands before him to show they were free.

With a yelp Little Big Man turned and called loudly. Warriors came on the run.

"Two Knives Talking has untied the rawhide," grunted the leader.

Two warriors advanced to Scissors and pawed about behind him, but could find no vestige of the things.

"Two Knives Talking's medicine ate them up," explained Scissors. "Are the Ogalaia afraid I will fly up among the thunder birds, that they must tie me?"

The leader snapped out an order, and fresh things were brought and Scissors tied up for the second time.

"What the devil did you do with the cords?" whispered Dinsdale from the corner of his mouth.

"In your side pocket," yawned Scissors.

Little Big Man harshly demanded: "Why do white men ride out to Mato Tipi and place rocks in trees?"

"Because we are turning red," was the prompt reply.

"Where is Wichakpa-yaman (General Crook) now?"

"When I am treated as a brother my medicine will tell you," coldly replied Scissors.

"They say you will talk with a very fast tongue when you feel the skinning knives," threatened Little Big Man.

Scissors smiled tolerantly and said: "Crazy Horse will soon set his friend free to walk where he will."

"Two Knives Talking has a weak medicine. It freed him once; now it is very tired," jeered Little Big Man. "My young men may not wait for you to see Tashunca-utco. They say they want white skin for medicine shirts. They say they are sharpening their knives."

"Little Big Man talks like a Shoshoni singing to the moon," sneered Scissors. "A very wakan man never sleeps."

And to the consternation of the spectators he again brought his hands before him. Men rushed upon him but the cords had vanished. Little Big Man glared murderously, then grew uneasy. A doubt was sprouting in his mind. Mato Tipi was sacred ground, and those who prayed to Tunkan through rocks and stones must be very careful not to give offense. The prisoners were white, yet they had been captured, taken by surprise, when placing rocks in the trees. Scissors read the tumult in the man's mind and whispered encouragement to Dinsdale.

Little Big Man gave an order and both men were released and conducted outside the lodge and tied to the medicine pole, from which hung the strangled puppy. A warrior was told to sit behind them to watch their hands. The warrior obeyed, but did not fancy the task, for it was like spying on some agency controlled by Tunkan. To Dinsdale Scissors said:

"They're badly worried. Every hour we're kept alive improves our chances. Little Big Man won't dare hurt us until he hears from Crazy Horse. Already he has sent a messenger to Slim butte to fill in the details of the mirror-message."

The warrior behind him reached a hand forward and roughly clapped it over his mouth. Scissors' left hand shot to the front and caught the offending palm and at the same time his right hand darted up under the armpit and, pulling and pushing, he sent the guard rolling headlong. The camp was in an uproar in an instant, the warriors scrambling for their weapons. Scissors sternly called out:

"The Ogalaia are very foolish. My medicine will grow very angry. Some of you will go to Mato Tipi tonight as ghosts. What do you mean by treating the friends of your war chief in this way? Are we Crows or Poncas?"

Little Big Man chewed his lips and puzzled over the situation. To leave the prisoners' hands free was to confess failure. To tie them up was useless. His quandary was interrupted by the rapid drumming of flying hoofs. A pony raced in among the lodges and a rider threw himself to the ground.

With a gleam of hope lighting his sullen eyes, Little Big Man called on the man to speak.

"Tashunca-utco and Shunca-luta, his medicine man, even now are riding to this camp," announced the man. "They were on the way here with a dozen warriors when Little Big Man's first messenger met them and told them about the white men. They will be here very soon."

"It is good!" cried Little Big Man in great relief.

"What's he saying?" muttered Dinsdale.

"Crazy Horse and his medicine man, Sorrel Horse, will arrive in a minute or so. I am very wakan, but only Taku Wakan can straighten this mess out. If only Crazy Horse was coming it would be better. Sorrel Horse is jealous of all medicine men. He'll work to have us skinned alive. But a man ain't done for so long as he can hope."

CHAPTER IX

The Duel of the Medicines

Although Crazy Horse and Sorrel Horse rode into Little Big Man's camp shortly before midnight the

prisoners saw nothing of either. Before the great leader of the hostiles arrived the white men were conducted back to the lodge and the flap tightly closed. A small fire was lighted inside and by its light three warriors stood on guard to prevent any attempt at escape. Dinsdale was asleep when the war chief and his escort of a dozen men made the camp and was aroused by the commotion.

On opening his eyes he beheld the three silent figures of the guards, their eyes reflecting the light from the heap of coals. Scissors was awake, and whispered:

"If I can have a talk with Crazy Horse I think we would be all right for a while. But that Shunca-luta will try to keep between us. He ranks high as a mystery man and is a fair magician and ventriloquist. He claims to get his help from Tashunca-utco, their moving god, who lives in the four winds and is never seen, but is represented by Tunkan, who in turn is prayed to through rocks and stones. Queer mess. Reckon a white man can never get it all straightened out. I made a picture of Sorrel Horse when I was prisoner that other time, and it scared him. He's bound to work against us. But I'm wakan. Wish Crazy Horse would come in to look us over."

Scissors would have felt more at ease had he known that the chief's first desire was to have the prisoners brought before him. Sorrel Horse, however, requested time for consulting his medicine, and reported back to the chief that it would be better to wait until the sun rode the sky. Although considerably disturbed that the chief should ignore him, Scissors dissimulated and Dinsdale fell asleep and did not awaken until morning. With the sunrise came another kettle of meat. Scissors pronounced it to be mule deer and Dinsdale ate heartily. After they had eaten, Little Big Man visited them, and he could not conceal his secret exultation. Scissors pretended not to see him, and after waiting several minutes the Indian said:

"Now Shunca-luta has come. Two Knives Talking has lost both his medicine and tongue. They say the white man was tied up all night and could not get free."

Scissors, who had finished his bowl of meat and had his hands free, picked up some things his guards had left on the ground and rolled them into a small ball and held them in one palm. Then his fingers closed over them, contracting as if squeezing them into a very small compass, then flew open and the ball had vanished.

Little Big Man scowled malevolently. Scissors said:

"Two Knives Talking finds his medicine is still strong. It grows weary of working on children. Send in Shunca-luta with his medicine. Then we shall see."

Just outside the entrance a deep voice boomed: "The white man's medicine is very strong. But the medicine of Shunca-luta will eat it up. Two Knives Talking once ran away from the Ogalaia. Now Shunca-luta's medicine brings him back. This time, they say, he will not leave until he goes away to be a ghost."

Little Big Man's eyes glittered at this threat.

Scissors called back: "Shunca-luta is very wakan, but Taku Wakan has not whispered in his ear. Why does he stay outside the lodge? The white man will not hurt him."

Sorrel Horse at once appeared in the entrance. Like the famous Sitting Bull, who is said to have foretold the Custer massacre, he wore a bunch of shed buffalo hair fastened to the side of his raven locks. This hair was wakan and was painted red and recalled the times when the buffalo filled the plains. It was also a symbol of the coming of the White Buffalo Maiden. His medicine pouch was formed from badger paws and had bears' claws as pendants; for it was from the bear that he had learned how to treat adults, while the badger told him through the medium of dreams how to cure children. He also carried the bent stick of one who has dreamed of a wolf. But it was his renown as a magician, and not his success as a healer, that elevated him high among the wakan wilderness, and high above the grass-root medicine men.

Scissors invited: "Sit down and let our medicines talk it over."

But Sorrel Horse did not intend to waste any dramatic effects before so small an audience. Outside the stage was set for convincing Crazy Horse that even High Wolf, the Cheyenne, was far below Shunca-luta in matters of magic. Ignoring the white man he said to Little Big Man:

"Bring the prisoners out in the sunlight. That man's medicine does not like the sunlight. It works best under the moon."

The prisoners were at once led forth and seated before the medicine pole. Dinsdale was glad to observe that the strangled puppy had been removed. Rawhide was looped around their waists, and tied to the pole, but their hands were not secured. In a half-circle before them sat forty warriors. Scissors glanced anxiously about for Crazy Horse, but the chief was not present.

Sorrel Horse, sensing he was the principal figure in the scene until Crazy Horse should put in an appearance, carefully spread a wolf skin and after sealing himself crosslegged before it made much of peering into a mirror. He took pains to turn the mirror so the curious warriors could observe the new moon and sun painted in white on its face. His vanity was highly pleased as he noted how intently the spectators followed every move he made.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Little Big Man stared triumphantly at the prisoners and nodded to their guards. The signal had been prearranged, as the guards promptly searched Dinsdale and took nearly four thousand dollars from his pockets. The time was gone when the Indian was ignorant of money values, and while they still called money "white metal," they knew a piece of paper money was often worth several silver dollars. Dinsdale's eyes glittered at the bills and a bag of dust were placed on a blanket before Little Big Man. From Scissors only a small amount of money was taken; and Little Big Man tickled the fancy of his followers by ironically advising:

"Two Knives Talking should make a feast for the white man's metal god."

When the pile of paper and small scissors were held up Little Big Man hesitated, then shook his head. Paper and scissors were very much wakan and he did not care to assume charge of them.

The tinkling of a bell now stirred the spectators to sharp attention and heads were turned as their mighty chief stepped from a lodge back of the half-circle. Crazy Horse at that time did not look over thirty years of age, and carried a few inches under six feet. He stood himself with great dignity and the stern expression of his bold features was accentuated by a scar. His people knew him to be as generous as he was courageous, and his practice of never retaining any property for himself, aside from his arms and war ponies, was bound to extend his popularity among all the hostiles and their allies.

If Sitting Bull by his medicine foretold the destruction of Custer's men, then it was Crazy Horse who assumed victory at the outset, when on encountering Reno's men he saved his followers from a disastrous panic by braiding a soldier with a stone war club and lending a counter charge. And what must place him high in the estimation of all fighting men was his insistence that no warrior should pass him when he gave the order to attack. He was a great general; intensely loyal to his people and their cause, a patriot who had no use for wealth. And Taku Wakan could ask no more of any of his dusky children.

As he walked around the end of the circle to take a position beside Little Big Man he was wearing his feather bonnet and other warpath regalia. In one hand he carried a Winchester rifle and in the other a twelve-foot coup wand of willow. The wand was decorated with symbolic feathers, bits of fur, and the tinkling bell. He dropped on a robe beside Little Big Man and placed his rifle across his lap and rested the end of his coup wand on the ground, and stared steadily at Scissors. His gaze quickened as it shifted to the pile of greenbacks and dust in front of Little Big Man. The treasure meant nothing to him except as it represented so many magazine guns and fixed ammunition.

"The white man with the talking knives will tell why he came to the Teton country," he abruptly commanded.

Scissors needed no interpreter, and began to explain why he and his friend had gone to Mato Tipi to make stone offerings to Tunkan so the god would send forth his "flying rocks" to learn where Tashunca-utco was to be found.

"And while we were asking this of Tunkan our prayer was answered," Scissors continued. "He who lives on Mato Tipi at times sent Little Big Man and his braves to lead us to Tashunca-utco, and it is well. I brought this white man with me, as his life was not safe among white men.

He was caught while trying to take a load of ammunition to the Cheyennes.



"And While We Were Asking This of Tunkan Our Prayer Was Answered," Scissors Continued.

He escaped from the soldiers and fled with me to find the Ogalaia. He brought some of the white man's money with him as a present to Tashunca-utco."

"Tashunca-utco needs no presents of money from the white men," harshly informed Crazy Horse. "What he needs he takes."

And he shook his coup wand till the little bell tinkled madly. Loud grunts of approval met his declaration. Loud cries of "washte-helo!" were raised when he pointed to the greenbacks and directed:

"Give it to the men who have lost horses and lodges."

If there was one disgruntled warrior it was Little Big Man. Sticking up from between his crossed legs were the butts of Dinsdale's guns. Crazy Horse, who ever had a great love for excellent firearms and who packed three Winchester rifles with him and one or more hand guns, touched the big revolvers and said, "I will take only these."

Little Big Man passed them over and for several minutes the war chief examined them knowingly and his features grew animated as he realized their excellence. Suddenly he ceased his inspection and asked of Scissors:

"This is the white man who was caught by soldiers while bringing ammunition to the young braves at Spotted Tail agency?"

His expression was almost genial as he put the query, but Scissors shook his head and repeated:

"My white brother was carrying ammunition to the Cheyennes on the Rosebud."

A scowl of disappointment darkened the chief's visage. Had Scissors replied in the affirmative several men from the agency were ready to brand him as a liar, for they knew the man Crazy Horse had referred to. Crazy Horse stared at the ground and twined a revolver by the trigger guard. None ventured to break the silence, and at last he said:

"They say the white man is a friend of High Wolf."

"He was welcome in his lodge in Montana one winter ago. He hunted with some of the young Cheyenne men."

Crazy Horse fixed his gaze on Dinsdale, but understanding nothing of the

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FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 4 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer stock which will arrive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

Teton blazed the prisoner's face betrayed nothing. It was useless to question him, as Scissors would answer for him. The chief seemed to lose all interest in the alleged friend of High Wolf and abruptly asked:

"Where is Frank?"

"Frank Grand?" asked Scissors.

The chief nodded. Grand, a native of the Sandwich Islands, had been captured by Crazy Horse's men while serving as mail-carrier in Montana. Because of his dark complexion he was believed to be an Indian who had been taken prisoner by the whites while very young. He had lived with the Indians for several years and was thought highly of by both Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. Scissors truthfully answered that Grand was serving as guide and scout for General Crook's forces.

Instead of showing any resentment Crazy Horse said:

"He was a good man. I would like to see him and call him Kola again. Shunca-luta has his mystery glass and is seated by his wolf robe. What does his medicine tell him?"

Sorrel Horse, who had been chagrined at the lack of respectful attention, became busy immediately. He opened a roll of red cotton cloth and from a wad of eagle down gently picked up a small round stone and whispered to it and then held it to his ear for nearly a minute. Carefully replacing the sacred stone on the eagle down he boasted:

"Shunca-luta's medicine is very strong. It has teeth like the gray wolf. It will bite the medicine of Two Knives Talking into many pieces."

With the aborigine's love for the dramatic the spectators leaned forward, the copper faces revealing their rapt attention. No duel could compare with a duel between rival medicines. Crazy Horse, too, was intensely interested, and Shunca-luta was at his best when demonstrating his wizardry before an appreciative audience. After glancing haughtily about he closed his eyes for a moment as if summoning spirit strength, then swiftly extended a hand high above his head and plucked a deck of playing cards from the air. A sibilant hiss of approval rewarded his sleight-of-hand. Holding the cards face down for a moment he carelessly threw them on the ground within reach of Scissors. Then, apparently without looking at the white man, requested:

"Let Two Knives Talking pick out one of his medicine is not asleep."

Scissors selected a card and almost immediately Shunca-luta brought the tips of his index fingers and his thumbs together to form the shape of a diamond and announced: "Squaw."

Scissors held up the card so all might see it was the queen of diamonds. Several other cards were "read" in a like manner. Then the medicine man scooped them up and made a motion of tossing them into the air, and they were gone and his hand was empty.

"For an Indian he's clever with cards," Scissors said in English for Dinsdale's benefit.

(To be continued)

An Artificial Silk That Resembles Baronet Satin

The Fashion Art League, in its annual fashion show recently at Chicago, sponsored fulgurante, an artificial silk that resembles the baronet satin of seasons past. An informal frock in white fulgurante shows a new tier treatment in overlapping effects. The embroidery is white beads and crystals and gold threads. The skirt is ten inches from the floor. A scarf is only a scarf until one meditates on possibilities of a long, trailing affair that is literally a shawl in orchid chiffon crepe, the same fabric of the gown. The trim is a border of the fabric, box plaited and fringed. The draping of the long scarf makes or mars the costume. Violets hold the slight drape at the side—and violets, dear ladies, are the flowers of fashion. Beads take new and various designs; one of the most unusual is a stole of white satin beaded in shaded green crystals, which forms a round yoke in front, and a fastened and a flying panel in the back. The underlip is similarly beaded on a gown of white flat crepe.

Foster C. Gray, night hostler at the city stables, Bangor, Me., for the last eight years, died at the Eastern Maine General Hospital as the result of being kicked and trampled by a horse at the stables. Harry E. Goodale, another hostler, was painfully bruised on the right leg when he was kicked by the same horse that caused the death of Gray. The horse, Teddy, had always been known as extremely docile, and stablemen were at a loss to explain his actions. It was found, on investigation, that a buckle on the surcingle which held the horse's blanket was cutting into the animal's flesh, and it was necessary to cut the surcingle in order to remove the blanket.

AL JENNINGS

Notorious Character Who
Testified in Washington

Al Jennings, once notorious Oklahoma train robber, told the senate committee that Jake Hamon, in 1920 told him Harding would be nominated, and that it cost Hamon \$1,000,000, of which \$250,000 went to Senator Pearson.

JAPANESE BARRED
BY COOLIDGE'S PENPresident Deplores Exclusion in
Message With Signed Im-
migration Bill.

Washington.—President Coolidge signed the immigration bill, including the Japanese exclusion policy which he deplores and which he frankly stated he would have vetoed had it stood alone.

"It would have been much better, in my judgment," he says, "and more effective in the actual control of immigration, if we had continued to invite the cooperation which Japan was ready to give and had thus avoided creating any ground for misapprehension by an unnecessary statutory enactment."

The necessity of a comprehensive measure to take the place of the quota law that expires June 30 is the President's excuse for signing the bill, and in his message he regrets as other Presidents before him have regretted, that he had not the right to segregate what he deems a mistake and an international discourtesy.

In withholding a veto the President is supposed to have gone contrary to the advice of Secretary of State Hughes. It is likely that the fate of the soldier bonus veto had an effect on the President's course in this problem, but the diplomatic viewpoint is that, even though the veto were overridden, such concrete evidence of the President's own feeling would have done much to save the hurt Japan feelings.

The poignancy of the hurt cannot be exaggerated. The Japanese Embassy is wrapped in gloom. Of course, no statement could be made there, but there is no question as to the gravity with which they view the situation.

WORLD NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

PARIS.—Poincare serves notice he will fight move to undo Ruhr policy. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Fundamentalists win by 104 majority in vote on point of order in Presbyterian Assembly.

BERLIN.—The German government resigned and President Ebert, after accepting the resignation, requested Chancellor Marx to carry on current affairs.

CLEVELAND.—A Western progressive will be permanent chairman of the Republican national convention instead of Senator Wadsworth, it was announced.

MOSCOW.—Zinovieff told Communists Russia will pay her debts.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Leading Presbyterian clergymen at General Assembly in Grand Rapids continue religious war from local pulpits.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—Five new Methodist bishops are consecrated at special services here.

BERLIN.—Dr. Schacht, head of Reichsbank, hints Germany may get colonies back if she meets conditions of Dawes report.

LONDON.—Visit of Italian sovereigns to England seen as harbinger of quick European settlement.

TOLEDO, Ohio.—Toledo is next door to bankruptcy, and in another two weeks fewer than one-half of the departments will be in working order, it was said. Mayor Brough is at his wit's end over the city's financial difficulties.

CHICAGO.—Mrs. Emma Tillotson obtained a divorce in Superior Court here by agreeing to pay her husband, who is too old and too ill to support himself, \$15 a week alimony.

DETROIT.—Four bandits held up Continental State Bank here, and escaped with \$4000.

BLAME CHARGES
ON FACTIONFormer I. T. U. Head Refutes
Allegations Against Gov-
ernment Employees.

OFFICIAL TELLS OF "CLIQUE"

Allegations Were Made by George H. Carter, Public Printer, Before Third District Typothetae Federation at Atlantic City

Newark, N. J.—James M. Lynch, of Syracuse, N. Y., former president of the International Typographical Union, speaking here before members of the local organization, characterized as a "campaign of mud-slinging," charges made by George H. Carter, Public Printer at Washington, that gambling and bootlegging are carried on by the Government Printing Office. "They are wholly without fact," said Lynch. "It is a campaign of mud-slinging and vilification indulged in by the Progressive party of the International Typographical Union in its attempt to retain control of the organization."

The speaker also declared office employees are leaving the Government service rather than submit to the "slave conditions imposed by Mr. Carter."

"Day by day his rule has become more unbearable," Lynch continued. The charges were made by Carter before the Third District Typothetae Federation at Atlantic City.

Corruption, graft, wholesale race-track gambling and bootlegging flourished unrestrained, he charged, and to "clean up" the establishment he was required to dismiss 268 employees, including the Deputy Public Printer and the Chief Clerk of the printing office, as well as foremen and minor executives.

Carter uncovered a still in the office of one foreman, he said. A trusted messenger between the Government Printing Office and the Capitol was discovered to be bootlegging for members of Congress. Executives and foremen were found to be filling requisitions for excessive quantities of grain alcohol for alleged mechanical uses in the establishment. Bootlegging, generally, was an intensively cultivated industry throughout the place. Even boy apprentices were found to be buyers and consumers of illicit liquor.

Race track gambling became of greater concern than their work to many of the 4,000 employees, Carter declared, adding that women workers, with the men, turned over \$1,000 a day to the bookmakers for bets. Many women employees were kept constantly penniless by their almost daily losses. One woman confessed she had mortgaged her home, and lost all to her desire to win a fortune on the tracks.

Carter produced copies of telegrams to support his charge that the gambling mania had engulfed high executives of the printing office. These messages, between various race tracks and individuals in the printing office, were received over a wire in the Government establishment operated by a Government employee. For the most part the telegrams were tips on the races, and were addressed to D. Y. Chisholm, formerly Deputy Public Printer, and J. L. Alverson, formerly chief clerk. Carter said he found them among important Government records in the official files of the printing office.

He said the morale of the place had fallen so low and required such drastic treatment that his office looked more like a police court than the headquarters of a \$12,000,000 business establishment.

The Public Printer reserved for the final chapter of his revelation what to most of his hearers was the most amazing phase of it. He said that for years the Government Printing Office has been dominated by a "secret, oath-bound, invisible clan." A clique existed, known in the place as the "Wabnetas," whose opposition to any rule, order or innovation meant its death before he (Carter) set his face against the invisible government and defied or dismissed its leaders. He alleged that certain officers of the Typographical Union were in league with this secret group.

VICTOR HERBERT DIES

Noted Composer Collapses in New York at Door of Doctor.

New York.—Victor Herbert, whose music has been enjoyed by the theatregoers and in American homes the past quarter of a century, dropped dead while he was talking to a friend on the steps of his physician's home.

The late Mr. Herbert was sixty-five years of age. In the closing years of his life he worked as persistently as when he was young.

GERMANY GUARDING FRONTIERS

"Wacht am Rhein" Established To Repel American Bug

Berlin.—Germany has begun guarding her frontiers against a possible invasion of the American potato bug, which is reported to be overwintering parts of France. The pest is said to have been introduced into France in the region of Bordeaux by the American Expeditionary Forces during the war. The government has prohibited the importation of potato, tomato, gooseberry and similar plants.

MRS. J. E. HAYES

Prominent in Politics
in State of Georgia

Mrs. J. E. Hayes of Montezuma, Ga., former head of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, who is being mentioned in political gossip as probable candidate for governor of Georgia in the coming election.

HAYS PENSION PLAN
FOR CLERGY WINSPresbyterian Assembly Adopts
\$15,000,000 Scheme for
Care of 10,000.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Will H. Hay's pension plan for the Presbyterian clergy, which will require an initial fund of \$15,000,000 to put in operation and will affect 10,000 ministers of the church, was adopted by the General Assembly in session here.

The plan was worked out by Mr. Hays with the collaboration of a layman committee appointed by the General Assembly at its meeting at Indianapolis last year and has already been given the approval of the Board of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation before it came before the Assembly here.

It is proposed that when any Presbyterian Church pays its pastor his salary it will send to the Board of Pensions a sum equal to 7 1/2 per cent of that salary. The minister himself is expected to send to the Board of Pensions 2 1/2 per cent. Worked out on actuarial principles, these payments should be enough to provide at the age of sixty-five a sum sufficient to pay the minister an annuity equal to half his average salary while in active work.

It is proposed that clergymen already past sixty-five will begin to receive the minimum pension immediately upon acceptance of the plan. Those who are sixty-four years old or less will be eligible for pensions based on their average salaries, without any other payments than the regular annual percentage that would have been due if they had been paying from the time of entering the ministry. It is for the purpose of putting the plan into immediate effect, in these cases, that the fund of \$15,000,000 is necessary, according to the report of the committee.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

House approves Tax Bill by 376 to 9 and measure is sent to White House.

Senator Borah asks law to require publication of all contributions every ten days during campaign.

Farm bloc threatens to prevent early adjournment of Congress unless relief bills are passed.

Allib for failure to adhere to Harding-Hughes world court is that the Cubans must be appeased.

United States Supreme Court rules family of alien minister cannot be admitted except under quota regulations.

President Coolidge pays tribute to Southern dead in Confederate memorial exercises at Arlington.

Hines gives bonus data to World War veterans.

Speedy death of Pepper court plan seen as soon as it reaches Senate floor.

Fate of farm relief legislation to be settled as McNary-Huguen bill comes up.

Among President Coolidge's callers was Governor W. H. McMaster, of South Dakota, who supported Hiram Johnson in the South Dakota campaign several months ago.

President Coolidge addressed the National Recreation Conference which he called.

John W. H. Crim, special assistant to the Attorney General, defended the integrity of Harry M. Daugherty before the Daugherty Committee.

Ratification of the liquor treaty with Great Britain was completed and it was declared in force by Presidential proclamation.

Several substitutes for the Harding-Coolidge-Hughes world court plan were offered the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, but no break in the deadlock appeared.

CLEAR WHEELER
AT SENATE BAR'Frame-Up' Charge Repeated
as Borah Report Is Adopted
Despite Sterling.

ONLY FOUR SUPPORT LATTER

Eighteen Republicans, Thirty-six Democrats and Two Farmer-Laborites for Vindication—Hiram Johnson Leads Attack on Investigator's Fees.

Washington.—Following another debate in which the assertion was reiterated that the indictment of Senator Wheeler by a Federal Grand Jury in Great Falls, Mont., was a "frame-up," the purpose of which was to halt, if not end, the investigation of Attorney General Daugherty, the Senate by a vote of 58 to 5, approved the Borah report, which exonerates Senator Wheeler of the charge on which he stands indicted—that of appearing for a fee before the Department of the Interior in behalf of Gordon Campbell, a Montana oil promoter.

The vote was the third of record, the other two representing efforts by the small group opposing the Borah report to make it a less sweeping exoneration. They did not, however, hold Senator Wheeler guilty. Senator Sterling himself having admitted that he did not consider the evidence sufficient to convict.

One of the proposed substitute resolutions was offered by Senator Sterling, its purpose being to postpone action on the Borah report until the court proceedings in Montana were completed. This was rejected by a vote of 58 to 5. The other was a resolution presented by Senator Spencer, stating that the evidence was not such as to disqualify Senator Wheeler from serving as a member of the Senate. This was lost 58 to 8.

Senator Spencer made the first speech in the proceedings. He maintained that the Borah report was to all intents and purposes a verdict, while, in reality, the court was the only tribunal with the proper machinery to reach such a conclusion. For that reason he urged the adoption of his resolution.

Senator Hiram Johnson took the floor to say there was only one question involved, that being the guilt or innocence of Senator Wheeler. The vote should be yes or no. Any other course would be cowardly. If he had his way, he would vote for an even stronger exonerator.

For the Senate to approve the Sterling minority report, said Senator Robinson, the minority leader, would be puerile and cowardly.

"The issue," he said, "transcends in its importance any political consideration. The proceeding that culminated in the indictment was a conspiracy to prevent the carrying out of a Senatorial investigation. It would be cowardly and contemptible for the Senate to try to evade the issue, which is the guilt or innocence of the accused Senator. The people of the United States know that Senator Wheeler was 'framed up' and that the purpose of the 'frame up' was to conceal fraud and corruption in the Department of Justice."

The vote on the resolution to exonerate was as follows:

FOR THE RESOLUTION—66

Republicans—18

Borah, Brandegee, Brookhart, Cameron, Dale, Fess, Frazier, Gooding, Hale, Howell, Johnson (Cal.), Ladd, McNary, Norbeck, Norris, Odell, Pepper, Standfield.

Democrats—38

Ashurst, Bayard, Broussard, Bruce, Caraway, Copeland, Dial, Dill, Ferris, Fletcher, George Gerry, Glass, Harris, Harrison, Heflin, Jones (N. M.), Kendrick, King, Mayfield, Neely, Overman, Owen, Pittman, Ralston, Ramey, Robinson, Sheppard, Simmons, Smith, Stanley, Stephens, Swanson, Trammell, Walsh (Mass.), Walsh (Mont.).

Farmer-Labor—2

Johnson (Minn.), Shipstead.

AGAINST THE RESOLUTION—5

Republicans

Curtis, Phipps, Spencer, Sterling, Willis.

PRESENT BUT NOT VOTING

Lodge, Moses, Reed (Pa.), Wadsworth, Warren, Wheeler.

SUFFERED WITH
ITCHY PIMPLESOn Face and Back. Could
Not Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"I could not get rid of the pimples I had on my face and back. The pimples were hard but small, and I could not get my clothing to touch them. The itching was something terrible, and I could not get any sleep. For almost six months I suffered. I tried many remedies but none were successful."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. In a week's time there was a great improvement so I purchased more, and I was healed." (Signed) Miss Frances Grana, 66 Webster St., Boston, Mass.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Sample Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Tubes 50c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

DEPOSITS

April 19, 1923	April 19, 1924	Increase
\$13,209,722.18	\$14,002,684.87	\$792,962.69

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

A LITTLE MONEY SAVED REGULARLY

and invested safely, grows astonishingly over a period of years. It will surprise you to see how much you can accumulate by depositing weekly or monthly with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

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SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

IT HAPPENED IN
NEW ENGLANDNews of General Interest
From the Six States

Jean d'Equaire of the Lycee Voltaire in Paris has been selected as dean of the French School of Middlebury Vt. College. In addition to teaching he has held the post of secretary of the Association of Modern Language Teachers of France. In addition to his courses Prof. Dequaire will deliver a series of lectures on French books and French architecture.

Crashing into a herd of six deer as they trotted across the state highway near Standish, Me., the motorcar driven by James Williams of Standish ran off the road and halted against a telegraph pole. One deer was instantly killed, and the others, some injured, took flight. Mr. Williams, who lost control of his car after hitting one of the animals, was unhurt.

Walentkevich of Worcester, Mass., wanted her daughter's hair bobbed, but her spouse objected so strongly that by the time the police arrived he was waving a revolver and threatening to use it, according to testimony in the district court. Walentkevich was fined \$100 for violating the alien firearms law. It is understood the daughter's hair will be bobbed.

The Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission is organizing a wage board to fix a minimum wage in the canning and preserving establishments and those dealing in minor lines of confectionery and food preparations. The board will consist of 15 members, six representing the employers, six the women employees and three the public. At present the minimum wages paid in these lines are \$11 and \$12 per week.

The secretary of war would be directed to sell certain military reservations no longer required for the national defense under a bill passed by the House. The reservations are Narrows Island, Boothbay, Me.; Fort Phoenix, Mass.; two small tracts connected with the Springfield (Mass.) armory; Fort Greene, Newport, R. I.; Fort Montgomery, Rouse Point, N. Y. and Sag Harbor reservation, Long Island.

Colby academy, New London, Ct., will inaugurate a novelty for preparatory schools of the state this summer with a summer school, the trustees announce. The school will open Tuesday, July 8, and close Friday, August 15. Sessions will start at 9 o'clock each week day morning, and end at 1 o'clock. Accommodations for students are to be obtained in the village. Colby academy is one of the oldest schools in the state.

Only one rollcall was required in the Vermont, Democratic state convention to complete the list of eight delegates to the national convention, who were unopposed. In the single contest, Mayor J. Holmes Jackson of Burlington defeated J. P. Kelly of Burlington, 218 to 153. The other delegates chosen are: Dr. J. P. Mahoney, Poultney; P. E. Sullivan, St. Albans; James P. Galleher, Montpelier; Fred C. Martin, Bennington; Lew E. Wachter, Windsor; Arthur H. Gleason, St. Johnsbury, and James P. Leamy, Rutland.

Congressman Ernest W. Gibson of Brattleboro, Vt., who had been slated to act as temporary chairman of the Republican state convention at Montpelier, last Friday did not serve. He reached this decision after he had conferred with Col. John E. Paddock of Saxtons River, chairman of the Republican state committee, following the receipt by Col. Paddock of protests from Republicans all over the state, who condemned Gibson's action in not upholding President Coolidge's veto of the bonus bill.

LOVE IN CHOCOLATE LETTERS

By JANE OSBORN

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It was not because of high social position that Dulsy Lovell was known and liked by practically every student in Deaford college. It was because she was the power behind the throne—or rather the patient little saleswoman behind the counter—of the Sweet Shop, Deaford's most popular candy store. Dulsy was two or three years older than most boys at college; besides, she had younger brothers and was, moreover, engaged, so she was perfectly privileged when it came to talking to the students who came to buy candy leisurely. There was nothing reprehensible even when she bade them stay and talk, sitting with them when there were no customers around one of the little tables where sweet drinks were served.

Charles Taylor obviously had something on his mind one day when he wandered into the shop. He asked for a chocolate sundae of which he stood in no great need as he had just had lunch and was looking forward to a "feed" at a faculty reception that afternoon. If he had the sundae it would give him excuse for lingering in the shop until after the other customers present when he entered had left. He wanted to talk to Dulsy alone.

They talked about the weather, the mud on the campus, coming examinations—Charles struggling to have the conversation over of its own accord to the subject that was uppermost. But it wouldn't veer. So he took the initiative.

"It's funny about a fellow," he said. "A fellow like me, I mean." "I suppose so," said Dulsy, who was neatly wrapping pound boxes of candy in white paper and tying them with red ribbon. "But then, you never can tell."

"You wouldn't have thought—thought—" Dulsy began to smile. "Charles Taylor, what is the matter with you?" she burst out laughing. "You are talking perfect nonsense. You've been trying to say something ever since you came in. Why don't you say it?"

Charles laughed. "I—I don't know as I had anything special to say. Only what I was thinking was that it was funny for a fellow like me—'at never had anything to do with girls and dances and things—to change ground. Did you ever meet Madge Hale? Professor Hale's daughter?"

"I know who she is," said Dulsy. "She comes into the store sometimes. Looks like a nice girl. Why?"

"Well, that's just it," said Charles Taylor, grinning and embarrassed. "It's Madge Hale that's made me dance and everything. At first you'd never think she was so jolly. She's not the sort a fellow would fall for at first sight, maybe—but say, Dulsy, what'd you suggest for a nice box of candy—something not more than say two dollars—something a little unusual?"

Dulsy stopped wrapping boxes. "Right here is something nice and very new," she said, reaching for a glass dish in one of the show cases. "They are chocolate letters—the finest chocolate. I think they're imported. And all the swell stores in the city are selling them. I'm expecting we'll have a big demand, but they have just come in, and I haven't shown them to anyone but you. These boxes are all packed—and I'm just wrapping them and tying them now. Those in the dish are just a sample—take one if you like."

Charles Taylor looked intently at the dish till he spied the M. Took it—in token of his devotion to Madge—and ate it with relish.

"Pretty slick," said he and handed Dulsy the two-dollar bill he had folded away in his pocket. Dulsy gave him 24 cents change and the neatly wrapped box and Charles strode away. There really was no particular excuse for sending Madge a box of candy. It wasn't Valentine's day or her birthday—not even April Fool's day. Still now that he had bought the candy Charles determined to deliver it personally, his card inclosed, at the door of Madge Hale's parents' house.

He did not even pause to see whether Madge was at home, but left it and hurried back to the campus dormitory.

The next morning when Dulsy was refilling the dishes in the show case in the Sweet Shop, in walked rather timidly little Madge Hale.

She looked at Dulsy a second or so before she began, and then blushed a little.

"Have you any of those chocolate letters?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said Dulsy, hiding a smile. "Would you like a box?"

"Why, no," said Madge. "I really wanted only a few. If you have them loose, I'd like to pick out a few—I— you see, I just want certain letters." From a large carton of the chocolate letters which had come with the pound and two-pound boxes the day before, Dulsy filled a dish and then pretended to look away while Madge picked out the letters she wanted, putting them on the scales as she did so. First she picked out four "o's," then a "t" and a "l." After a search she got a "y" and then after a little thought added to the pile a "c," an "e," an "i" and an "n."

Dulsy was too keen an observer not to notice what letters were placed in the scales when she came to weigh

them later when she placed them in a small box at Madge's request.

After Madge had gone, Dulsy assembled the same collection of letters, and between customers that morning she easily arranged the letters into the only words that they would obviously spell. "I love you, too," they said.

What could have been Madge's object? wondered Dulsy.

It was nearly six that night when a rather breathless Charlie Taylor arrived in the candy shop. Dulsy thought he looked rather attractive, in spite of his rather homely features and awkward manners. And he looked very happy.

"Say, see here, Dulsy," he said, after he had waited for the other customers to leave. "Could I get you to open one of those boxes of letters? They aren't arranged to spell anything, are they?"

"Why, not that I know of," said Dulsy. "I haven't opened any of them. There was a large carton of loose letters, so I didn't have to open any of the smaller boxes. Let's see." Dulsy was carefully untying the ribbon and breaking the seal of one of the boxes of chocolate letters. She laid the box before her on the counter and lifted the lid. There before her the first layer of chocolate letters spelled these words:

"I LOVE YOU, WITH ALL MY HEART"

"Is that what the letters in the box I bought said?" asked Charlie. "I suppose so," said Dulsy. Really, I am sorry—I—

"Sorry?" cried Charlie Taylor. "It's the best plan ever. Say, that's great. It's the finest little help to the bashful suitor that ever was invented. Why, I've been trying to think how I could ever tell Madge I cared a lot for her and wanted to get engaged and everything. But I don't have to. The candies did the trick. It's wonderful. Say—did Madge Hale come in here and get some chocolate letters?"

"Yes," said Dulsy.

"And did she buy three 'o's and a 't,' a 'y,' an 'i,' an 'e,' an 'n' and a 'c'?"

"Yes," said Dulsy.

"Well, isn't that the greatest ever?" queried Charlie, and hastily departed, as Dulsy knew full well, to hasten to the home of Madge Hale.

Eagle Sacrifices Leg to Escape From Trap

Ardenaurechan, with its extensive deer forest of some thirty thousand acres, embracing a large wooded area, and the lofty Ben Hiant, with its gigantic precipices and deep ravines, affords secure sanctuary to every species of the feathered tribe indigenous to the Highlands. Here the lordly eagle finds a safe retreat unmolested by either sportsman or keeper.

However, some days ago, when one of the keepers was out in the forest, he spied an eagle rising from the ground and carrying what he at first thought was a lamb, but which proved to be a heavy fox-trap, which he had himself set and baited with a rabbit. Naturally he concluded that he had seen the last of the trap, but a few days afterward, while traversing another part of the forest, he was agreeably surprised to come across the trap, entangled by the chain and tightly clutching one of the eagle's talons. The bird, in its struggle for freedom, had got rid of its unwelcome burden by sacrificing a foot.

Another incident concerns a falcon. It was observed making its usual swift and headlong flight to the ground to transfuse its prey. Rising immediately afterward with its quarry, it soared high up in the air, and then, uttering a piercing scream, it twisted down to earth, a short distance from the observer, who, greatly wondering, hastened to inspect the fallen bird. On the man's approach he was amazed to see a weasel rise, shake itself, and scurry off none the worse for its aerial adventure, while the falcon was found quite dead, with its breast ripped open. Thus, for once, were the tables turned on the fierce falcon by the wily weasel.—J. C. in The Scotsman.

Juvenile Advice

One Sunday morning in an Alabama Sunday school the class was about to be dismissed. The youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches when the superintendent arose and, instead of dismissing them, announced:

"And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Boggs, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Boggs smilingly arose, and after gazing impressively around the classroom, began with:

"Well, children, I hardly know what to say."

At this juncture the whole school was convulsed by the sound of a small, thin voice in the rear piping:

"They 'amen' and that down!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Diplomatic

The newly married couple were gazing into the window of the jeweler's shop.

"John," said the young bride, suddenly, clutching his arm. "I'd love to have that bracelet hanging up at the back of the window."

"I can't afford to buy it for you, dear," replied the husband.

"But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm afraid not," he retorted.

"Oh, John, why?" she asked, in a tone that showed both surprise and pain.

"It isn't good enough for you, dear," he said, tenderly.

"Oh, you darling!" she answered.

MUMMIES FOUND IN KENTUCKY CAVE

Catacomb Discovered Under Ruins of Old City.

To students of American antiquities it is probably of general knowledge that the city of Lexington, Ky., stands nearly on the site of an ancient town, which, if one may judge by the wide range of its circumvallatory works and the quantity of ground it must have occupied, was one of great extent and magnificence.

It may, however, well be doubted if many of even such students are aware that in the year 1775 there was discovered there a catacomb containing a number of mummies, preserved by the art of embalming to as great a state of perfection as was known among the ancient Egyptians, 1,800 years before the Christian era.

This extraordinary find was made by some of the early settlers, whose curiosity being excited by something unusual in the character of certain large stones, seeming to cover the entrance to a cavern of some sort, removed the sapie, coming to others whose singular appearance for stones in a natural state caused them to push their investigations further. These obstructions being taken away, the mouth of an apparently deep and gloomy cave was disclosed to their gaze. This proved to be a catacomb, formed in the bowels of the limestone rock, about 15 feet below the surface of the earth.

Having added to their numbers and provided lights, they descended and entered, without further obstruction, a spacious apartment, where they were astounded to find that at the sides and extreme ends were formed niches and compartments occupied by figures representing men.

Their surprise was much greater when, on further research and inquiry, it was found that these figures were actual mummies in the condition before stated. Most unfortunately, the original discoverers were uneducated people and, it being at a period when a bloody and inveterate war was being carried on between the Indians and the whites, supposing, in their ignorance, that these were the remains of some tribe of Indians, a revengeful and vindictive spirit urged them to destruction.—Adventure Magazine.

Believed in Books

Even at an early age Andrew Carnegie believed in books. The impulse to found libraries—so we learn from Mr. A. B. Farquhar in the "First Million the Hardest"—came to him when he was only a messenger boy. Early one morning, says Mr. Farquhar, Carnegie was sent with a dispatch to Mr. Anderson, the steel master of Allegheny, with instructions to wait for an answer. Mr. Anderson had returned late the night before, and the butler said he could not wake him. Young Carnegie walked into the library, and became immersed in a volume on steel making and the tremendous advantages of steel over iron. When Mr. Anderson finally came down with his answer the boy turned and apologized for having taken the book. Mr. Anderson asked whether he was interested in steel. "Oh, yes, it is fascinating to me," Carnegie replied. "Take the book home and read it, and return it when you are through with it," said Mr. Anderson. Carnegie did so, and was told to take another; then Mr. Anderson said he might have access to the library. Carnegie then and there made up his mind that if he ever became wealthy he would found libraries, and give young men the same opportunity that he was enjoying.

Ripening

It is one of the charms of art that it is not to be completely understood. In an age in which so high a value is put upon facts, information, positive knowledge, it is a relief to have still reserved to us a place apart where it is not necessary to know all. The truth of art . . . does not seem to be all known, finished and finally stated, but on the contrary to be ever growing, more rich in significance, more profound in substance, disclosing heaven over heaven and depth under depth. The greatest books share our lives, and grow old with us; we read them over and over, and at each decade it is a new book that we find there, so much has it gained in meaning from experience of life, from ripening judgment, from the change of seasons in the soul.—George E. Woodberry, in "The Heart of Man and Other Papers."

A Poor Substitute

The motorcar was bumping and jolting along the country road at a pace of about four miles an hour. The road seemed unworthy of the name—it was more like a cart-track. There were holes nearly everywhere, and where there weren't holes there were ruts.

The passenger in the back seat began to get very fed up after about an hour spent in travelling in this way. He leaned over the driver and said:

"Are you sure we've taken the best road?"

"I'm sure we're not," replied the driver. "But I'm pretty sure that some one else has, and a nice thing they've left in its place."

Lost His Case

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said a blundering barrister in a suit about a lot of hogs. "There were just 33 hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—33 hogs—just exactly three times as many as there are in the jury box."

That counsel did not win his case.

New Device Is Used to Restore Old Buildings

In England there is employed an interesting process, called gROUTING, whereby old buildings are restored. In its original sense grout means no more than gruel. In its building sense it is a mixture of sand, cement and water sufficiently thin to be poured. It is not a new thing, for it was probably used by the Romans, and has been employed very much since their time in engineering work. The comparatively new thing is the grouting machine, which enables the grout to be driven into places where it cannot be poured.

It is a simple machine, consisting of two parts, a cylinder of compressed air, the pressure being 100 pounds to the square inch, and a churn. A flexible hose connects them and another flexible hose with a nozzle leads out of the churn.

The dust and decayed mortar are blown out of the cracks between the stones with a jet of compressed air; clean water is then blown in to dampen the masonry just enough to make the cement adhere. Meanwhile the cement is put into the churn or grouting pan and is beaten up until it is about the consistency of cream. The preparation of it must be made carefully or the cement will grow hard in the churn and the hose. The wall being ready, the nozzle is inserted into a crack, the cracks above and below it are covered with clay to prevent the cement from leaking out, the compressed air is turned on and, passing through the grouting pan, drives the cement deep in between the stones.

Starting at the base of the building and working upward, the grouting machines will fill the whole of its walls with a new cement that reaches every crack and hole, so that when it has grown hard the building is as firm as if it were cut out of one stone. And it does this without breaking the weather-crumbled surface of its masonry or even rubbing off the mosses and lichens that have grown there.

Memory

"I am certain that in the academic world we always have put too much stress upon memory and not enough upon reasoning," Dr. Herbert S. Langfeld of Harvard said recently.

"Memory is the storehouse of information and one of the best assets of the high-powered brain. But memory under another guise is harmful. There is the student, for instance, who easily memorizes lessons, using his mind as a kind of photographic plate, without any real mental activities."

"Memories of that sort often are the most fertile for the time being; they will easily absorb and supply on demand almost any information required. But the mind as a whole does not get the instruction required, and this information later on slips from the photographic memory plate without any special benefit to the student, no matter how high he may have stood in classes."—New York Times.

First Sound Over Phone

The first sound was transmitted by telephone in Boston June 2, 1875. The first words were transmitted in the same city March 10, 1874, over a line less than 100 feet long, when Thomas A. Watson heard Alexander Graham Bell say: "Mr. Watson, please come here; I want you." At the time Bell was standing in a little attic at 3 Exeter place and talked over a crude telephone of his own invention to his associate. The first real telephone conversation took place October 9, 1876, over a line two miles long, between Boston and Cambridge, Professor Bell and his associate doing the talking. The first newspaper report transmitted by telephone was sent from Salem, Mass., to the Boston Globe February 12, 1877.

To Stop Shoe Squeaks

Shoes squeak because the pieces of leather forming the soles do not lie close together, and rub and bend with the movement of the feet.

A good plan to stop squeaking is to put a little sweet oil in a pan or dish and place the shoes to soak over night. They will take up enough oil to deaden the squeak and it is also good for the leather.

Another method is to remove a few rivets along the side of the shoe and insert powdered graphite or chalk, or thin pieces of felt rubbed with chalk, and rivet up again. Three or four more small nails or pegs may be driven into the center of the sole, but this reduces the flexibility of the shoes.—London Tit-Bits.

Unprecedented runs of herring in the various bays and brooks near Pembroke, Mass., for a few days, attracted hundreds of persons from all over the Cape. The brook in the town was fairly alive with the fish for a week, and it is estimated that at least 3,000,000 have gone up to the ponds in the schools that have passed through the runway.

Vessel owners are laying up tonnage owing to slow movement of coal to New England ports. Hampton Roads shelters scores of idle barges and many tugs. The railroads are not making large additions to their reserve of fuel and industrial plants manifest no eagerness to stock up with coal at the present time. However, charters are probable, say vessel operators, in the next month or six weeks.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

EXPLORERS TO CHART ARCTIC WILDERNESS

Geological Survey Men to Fill in Blank Spot on Map.

Nenana, Alaska.—Through the bitter weather of late winter in the Arctic circle and the peril of an unsettled, unknown region, a party of the United States geological survey, headed by Dr. Phillip S. Smith, is bound for the remote Colville river basin.

This probably is the most hazardous mission ever undertaken by this branch of the government service. The purpose is to fill in a big blank spot on the map of Alaska containing 35,000 square miles of unexplored wilderness, and also to determine by mineralogical tests the scope of an oil-bearing structure known to exist between Point Barrow, on the Arctic coast, and the Colville basin.

Territory Uninhabited. According to Gerald Fitzgerald, topographical engineer with the party, the barren stretch is uninhabited except along the Arctic shores, where isolated bands of Eskimos eke out a living by beachcombing. The country is devoid of timber, but overlain by tundra moss, save where streams cut the structure and reveal coal beds and oil seeps.

Fitzgerald has penetrated far enough in the direction to learn that game apparently is negligible, except for ptarmigan and an occasional colony of beaver and muskrat. Without timber, the party will be compelled to rely on exposed coal for fuel and, lacking that, on the meager supply of gasoline and alcohol they can transport.

Seek Oil Deposits.

Before leaving here, Doctor Smith said he expected to come out of the wilderness by way of the Colville river to the Arctic ocean. He explained that the party would have to depend on being picked up by a stry whaling vessel and conveyed to the regular lines of steamer travel at Nome. If no whaler appears, the explorers will cast their lot with the Eskimos until relief is sent.

The region to be explored is believed to contain vast deposits of oil. A lake filled with bitumen has been discovered near Point Barrow, and the survey party will try to determine the origin of this oil and its commercial importance.

Take Dog Teams and Canoes.

The expedition was organized with the care of a polar journey. No surplus was carried, either in men or materials. Doctor Smith contracted with a company to transport his supplies to the headwaters of the Alutian in the Alaskan Rockies. At this point the party is to plunge into the wilderness. Besides the dozen dog teams, knock-down canoes were taken to be assembled and used when the streams are free from ice. Doctor Smith hoped to reach the headwaters of the Colville about May 1, so that the principal explorations could be made in the brief Arctic summer.

The geologists and topographers in the party include Dr. J. B. Morille, R. K. Lynt and Harry A. Taft. Four aids complete the personnel.

Wild Geese 67 Years Old Are Still Thriving on Farm

New York.—Wild geese are sometimes said to be centenarians, but there has been difficulty in proving the statement. Some evidence has been presented, however, by Henry Stark, who writes:

"In 1855 an uncle of Henry Stark captured two Canada geese in a net spread along the beach of the Chickanoog islands, in Chesapeake bay. Since that time this pair of geese have been paddling around farms owned by members of the Stark family."

"A few years ago the uncle died at the ripe old age of eighty-one, but the two Canada geese are still thriving and alert and seemingly in the prime of their youth."

"No one knows how old these geese were when captured, but Mr. Stark says he has evidence that they are 67 now and he hopes they will prove the statement that wild geese live to be 100."

Quake Refugees Flocking Back to Yokohama Again

Yokohama, Japan.—Although tens of thousands of citizens driven from this city by the great quake of last year are straggling back and trying to re-establish their homes, the population of Yokohama is still 150,000 less than it was on the morning of the fateful first of September, according to police statistics.

Yokohama's population now is 291,250; on September 1 it was approximately 450,000.

Deer Attacks Man

Waynesboro, Pa.—C. C. Walters, a farmer, was confined to his home at Roadside, near here, as the result of being attacked by a buck deer at his home. Walters was in his yard when he saw several dogs chasing a deer. He shot at the dogs to frighten them away, when the deer turned and struck at him with its front feet and inflicted a number of lacerations on his face. The deer then ran toward the mountains, where it was found dead from exhaustion.

Puts Out Fire in Snow

Saco, Me.—By diving into a snowbank, Basil Roberts, twenty-five, extinguished flames in his clothing, and then dashed back into the house to assist his wife and three children to safety.

WILL CHART-STORMS FROM U. S. BALLOON

Weather Men Plans Flights to Study Winds.

Washington.—The first of fifteen flights in a free balloon which will ride the storms in an effort to learn more about them, will be begun by Dr. Leltoy Melsinger of the central office of the United States weather bureau. The flights are part of the most ambitious plans for scientific exploration of the atmosphere ever to be undertaken and they will be carried on through the co-operation of the weather bureau and the United States air service. All will start from Scott Field, Illinois, not far from St. Louis. They will be made in a hydrogen-filled balloon, furnished and piloted by the weather bureau with a full set of meteorological instruments. The balloon will be a large one, about 40 feet in diameter and holding 35,000 cubic feet of gas.

The main purpose of the flights is to study the motions of large masses of air with reference to the ground, when they are influenced by the great whirls in the atmosphere, hundreds of miles in diameter, which the meteorologists call cyclonic storms and which in their passage across the country give us most of the many varieties of our weather. The motion of the air with reference to the centers of these storms is fairly well known, but these centers are always themselves in motion and just what happens to the air in them or above them is not understood.

Doctor Melsinger proposes to find out, by going up in a balloon in the storm to a height of 10,000 feet, and then sticking by it as long as it is possible to do so, mapping out his location from time to time, and at the end charting the whole voyage, which will give the track not only of the balloon, but also of the air in which it rode. He proposes to take some trips in front of storms, some near their centers, others trailing behind them, to study the behavior of the air in each case.

New Hotel Will Inclose Existing Baptist Church

New York.—A 16-story hotel and church will soon be built around and over the old Calvary Baptist church on West Fifty-seventh street, while the congregation will continue to sit in their accustomed seats Sunday after Sunday. The contractors have announced that the wings which form the main part of the hotel and the roof can be brought into being without interfering with the use of the auditorium.

The magnificent auditorium of the present church will remain as it has been since the church was built over seventy years ago, but the present gallery will be enlarged and a second one constructed so that the seating capacity of the new church will be 4,000. Wings on either side of the present church and 12 stories immediately above it will be built and leased for operation as a hotel for Christian people.

Cost of the improvements will be about \$2,000,000, but it is expected that the hotel will turn in enough rental to the church to enable it to considerably widen its scope of activities.

A radio broadcasting station will be one of the features of the new building.

It's Good Joss for Junk to Cross Steamer's Bow

Seattle, Wash.—"It's a good joss for a Chinese junk to cross the bows of a big overseas steamship, but it unnerves shipmasters, who have to use utmost care to avoid collisions," declared Capt. John Griffith of the President Jackson, here from the Orient.

"Each junk has two light blue eyes, one painted on each side of the bow. Upon approach these figures give the craft with black tail sails and elevated sterns a dragonlike aspect. The Chinese mariners believe the eyes are necessary, and no junk will venture offshore without them. Mariners of the China coast assert that if a big liner just misses them or strikes them a glancing blow, the 'good joss' is perched on the bows of their vessel for months."

Dogs in Tug of War

Wallingford, Conn.—Two toy dogs, holding a tug of war over a piece of meat, held up traffic on the busy Hartford road here, ignored efforts of police to get them out of the way and simply didn't hear the din of scores of horns. Two motorists picked the animals up and placed them on a sidewalk, where they were still tugging when the last blockaded machine went by.

Crops Raised in 1923 Worth Twelve Billion

Washington.—Crops raised and live stock produced on American farms last year were worth \$12,201,000,000, the Department of Agriculture reported. This was \$300,000,000 more than in 1922. The total includes \$9,553,000,000 for crops and \$2,648,000,000 for animal products, less \$3,599,000,000, the value of crops fed to live stock. The wheat crop was worth \$728,000,000, as compared with \$574,000,000 in 1922 and \$2,050,000,000 in 1919.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

302 THAMES STREET
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WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, Newport, R. I.

Office Hours from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.

Trustees of Church Insure Pastor's Life

A new idea in church building finance made its appearance in Rochester, N. Y., recently when the trustees of the Baptist temple, who are putting up a combined church and office building in that city, insured the life and health of their pastor, the Rev. Clinton Wunder, for \$100,000 for the benefit of the church, the premium to be paid out of the building fund.

Success of the undertaking depends so much upon the Rev. Wunder's energy, initiative and devotion, the trustees explained, that his death or disability would be an irreparable blow to it, and the insurance is taken out to protect the plan so far as money can do it.

The policy calls for fifteen payments. In the event of the pastor's total disability the church will receive \$8,000 a year; in case of the death it will receive the full amount of \$100,000.

At the expiration of twelve years, if the church desires to surrender the policy, it will have \$50,000 in cash to apply on the payment of its second mortgage bonds, which become due at that time. The premium will amount to approximately \$4,000 a year.

Birds May Share Fate of Antelope and Bison

America's effort to preserve her game bird supply has proved a complete failure, according to T. Gilbert Pearson, president of National Association of Audubon Societies. He says that many species of birds are declining so rapidly that they are as sure to pass as have the antelope and bison.

"Some time ago," said Mr. Pearson, "Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, head of the American Museum of Natural History, issued a widely quoted statement that the animal kingdom is tottering. He said that nothing in the history of creation has paralleled the ravages of the fur and hide trade, which threatens the entire vertebrate kingdom, and he added that final cause of the close of the age of mammals can only be arrested through the creation of sound sentiment and education of the women and children."

"In the same manner the bird kingdom is tottering and will fall unless the National Association of Audubon Societies keeps up its work of arresting the destruction of birds."

Shaking Mop Out Window

In a loud voice she was telling a friend in the subway of a stunning trip she had recently made. "And do you know, my dear," she said, "the people are too lazy to dispose of rubbish in the proper way. They fling it from the windows into the street. It's all your life's worth to walk down there after dark. It's a wonder some one wouldn't teach them better."

"There's a law against it, of course," the friend agreed. "But even people who know also break it. Up where I live it is a common sight to see housewives shaking mops out of the windows over the sidewalks, and that's only one step away, don't you think?"

But the loud-speaking one suddenly became silent. The shot had gone home.—New York Sun and Globe.

Smoothing Concrete

Concrete in the rough was for a long time treated with carborundum or some other abrasive stone to remove from it unsightly surface board marks. Concrete houses where a cement wash or paint is later used are usually treated in this way.

An electric surfacing machine which works dry, that is, without the application of water, performs the task much more quickly and produces a more perfect surface. The cutter discs operate at a speed of 2,000 revolutions, under pressure. One set of cutters will do about 3,000 square feet of surfacing.

The discs revolve only when pressed upon the surface of the concrete, and operate absolutely square to it.

Petal Grows Roses

Marshal Petain, one of the outstanding figures of the World war, has been awarded a medal by the French Agricultural society for developing a new species of blue roses. This rose, it was said, may be kept flowering for weeks. The marshal bought an abandoned farm on the Riviera, southeastern France, just after the war and his success with roses has been phenomenal. Fortune makers are organizing to market the Petain brands.

Cost Facts Help in Making Plans

Different Ways Pointed Out
for Measuring Efficiency
and Net Returns.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

How farmers can use detailed cost of production figures to improve their practices and methods and make the most profitable combinations of crops and live stock on their farms, is shown by the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of Minnesota in a study recently completed of operations during 1920, 1921 and 1922 on 24 farms in Cottonwood and Jackson counties, Minnesota.

Representatives of the department visited these farms regularly, obtaining day-to-day records on labor used, crops grown, live stock raised, and other phases of the farm work. With this information at hand, different ways were pointed out in which organization of crops and live stock on these farms could be measured for the greatest efficiency and the largest net returns.

While the results obtained apply fully only to the particular farms studied, they can be used by other farmers operating elsewhere under similar conditions. Similar material gathered in previous studies is on file in the department, and 17 like projects are under way in different parts of the country. They are expected to be helpful not only in enabling individual farmers to plan their operations efficiently, but in facilitating a more rapid adjustment between agricultural production as a whole and production in other lines.

Advance Plans Great Help.

Detailed information on farm production factors, says the department, makes it possible to project operations at least a year in advance with fair accuracy. "It gives a basis for estimating probable returns from the various organization plans of which the farmer has a choice. Working out farm policies before definite steps are taken serves as a check on what has been accomplished, and helps farmers to make a wise selection of enterprises."

Farmers are accordingly advised to make diligent use of all available data in choosing between different farm production plans. Study of "unit requirement" data can be of special benefit, it is declared, in speeding the readjustment of production to changing market conditions. Changes from one enterprise to another are often not made until the relative advantages of the enterprises are beginning to be reversed, so that the farmer is hardly launched on the new path before the need arises of changing back. Study of production costs and price trends would make this error less common.

In their studies in Cottonwood and Jackson counties, Minnesota, the investigators found that there are considerable quantities of feeds of a non-salable character produced in the area. These together with nonutilizable pasture can be marketed only through live stock. There are also times when man and horse labor are idle. How to utilize these resources to the best advantage was a part of the problem. On some farms the solution was apparently greater attention to live stock enterprises. On others a more complete utilization of the available labor and material resources seemed obtainable by a readjustment of crops. In general the farmers were urged to work toward a well-rounded organization that would give the greatest net return from all the factors of production by providing for a more uniform seasonal distribution of labor and a more complete utilization of all of the farm resources.

Lack of Live Stock Noted.

Labor, horses, and machinery, it is pointed out, are usually employed more economically in a system of diversified farming than in a single crop system, even if the crop needing attention at one time in a diversified system gives a lower return than that needing attention at another time. Farms consisting of corn, small grain, and cattle enterprises are numerous in Cottonwood and Jackson counties. But the department's investigators found that some farms well organized for crop production were not marketing their crops efficiently through live stock. On one farm only 125 pounds of butterfat were being produced per cow, and beef production was low in proportion to the feed consumed.

One of the better organized farms in the area picked out for illustrative purposes had no definite rotation of crops including legumes for hay and maintenance of soil fertility. Its small-grain acreage was considered out of proportion to its corn acreage, and opportunities were pointed out for increasing the acreage of corn and tame hay without hiring additional labor or decreasing the number of work stock. The amount of pork produced was low in proportion to the amount of skim milk and other feeds available.

The material coming out of this study shows the wide variations in the quantities of labor and feed used in production from farm to farm. From the figures shown on the standard amounts of feed and labor used in production it is possible for other producers to determine the relative efficiency of what they are doing on their own farm. There are set forth by the department the principles underlying the proper combination of farm enterprise as well as methods of securing increased efficiency in production and by examples and illustrations there is shown the possibility of measuring improved farm organization through increased farm returns.

Sudan Grass Useful as Emergency Crop

It Is Particularly Valuable
for Hay and Pasture.

From a small eight-ounce bag of seed brought by the United States Department of Agriculture from Africa to this country in 1920, Sudan grass has come to be recognized as a valuable and widely used emergency crop for hay and pasture in New Jersey and many other states. Comparative tests have shown that it outyields millet, which has always been the leading grass crop for these two purposes. "Furthermore," says H. R. Cox, farm crops specialist at the New Jersey state college of agriculture, "this new grass is liked better by live stock."

"Sudan grass should not be seeded until the weather has become warm and settled, which is a week or more after corn planting. The crop is best sown broadcast in this state, either with a drill or by hand, at the rate of 20 to 25 pounds per acre. If sown with a drill the machine should be set as if to sow two pecks of wheat, which will distribute about 20 pounds of Sudan grass."

"When harvested about the time it is fully headed it will make a vigorous renewal growth; and hence, two cuttings may usually be taken in one season. On good corn land the grass will give five feet high and the total yield will be from two and a half to four tons per acre. The plant is an annual and will die when cold weather comes on. This crop makes a very desirable summer pasture. In one test it furnished abundant pasture for one cow per acre for 125 days."

"Sometimes Sudan grass is mixed with soy beans or cowpeas for hay and pasture. A good rule of sowing is a bushel of the legume and 12 pounds of Sudan grass per acre. Some farmers, however, have found it more desirable to sow the two crops in separate fields, since the best date of cutting most varieties of soy beans does not coincide with the best date of cutting Sudan grass."

Feed Chickens Skim Milk, Either Sweet or Sour

Skim milk when fed to chickens can be either sweet or sour and has, apparently, little influence on the fowl. They seem to relish the sweet about as well as the sour and will consume either in rather large quantities. One has been constantly advised not to change from one to the other, but even this change, although not advised, has little effect on the flock.

If milk is the one form of animal protein feed that is supplied it must be given in large quantities and before the flock constantly. In an effort to stimulate a greater consumption, water is not given to them during the winter. Flock owners state that fowls will consume both milk and water if both are offered. That is true and to obtain the same amount of animal protein from the milk that they would receive from 20 per cent of meat scrap or tankage placed in the mash, only the milk should be fed.

Much Fertilizing Value of Manure Being Wasted

Experiments at the Ohio station show that farm manure exposed in flat piles in an open yard from January to April lost 86.6 per cent of its nitrogen, 22.6 per cent of its phosphorus and 51 per cent of its potash. That means about one-third of its total fertilizing value. This loss would be largely avoided by keeping the manure under cover or hauling it out on level ground each day. Manure never can contain more plant food than on the day it is made. There is a constant and steady loss, great or small, from that day, and this fact gives one of the great arguments for hauling out every day whenever possible. The other argument is that the work is done at the most convenient time and will not interfere with the necessary spring jobs.

FARM NOTES

A good well equipped with a modern pump is a fortunate possession.

While soy beans stand more frost than corn, nevertheless soil should be warm before planting.

The advantage of a good cropping system for the farmer who is feeding several classes of live stock under average farm conditions cannot be too greatly emphasized.

The cultivation of the soy bean crop does not last over a long period, but the right care at the right time will make the crop comparatively easy to handle, and most profitable.

Bright leafy alfalfa hay of the second or third cutting makes excellent forage for brood sows during the winter months and forms a valuable addition to the regular rations.

Many melon growers follow the practice of putting manure in the hills a short time before planting. This manure should always be worked in with the soil, and not left in one parcel under the ground.

Barley prefers a well-drained soil. It does better on a well-drained sandy soil than on heavy clay soils that are often wet. If the soil is fairly fertile and well-drained it will not make so much difference whether the soil is high or low.

Small Hat Still Fashion Favorite

Sailor, Tricorn and Many
Variations of Cloche
in Limelight.

Although both large and small hats mingle in the new collections of the leading modistes, the present mode seems to favor the latter and neglect the wide brimmed models. This is due, notes a fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune, to the unusually long life of the ubiquitous cloche, which has almost become a uniform with both the Parisienne and the American woman.

But the rounding crown and the mushroom brim of the cloche are giving way to other types of small hats, noteworthy among them being the small sailor and the tricorn, the latter a change of brim only, as the crown of this style hat also conforms to the head.

Then there are the many varieties of the cloche, which seem to spring up overnight. The newest version is the small hat with upturned brim which falls up in front, at the side or in back.

Black is far and away the smartest chapeau shade, followed closely by combinations of black and white. The newest color note in Paris is poppy red, as vividly crimson as the flower itself. Combined with either black or dark blue it forms a striking combination. Other important colorings include the various tints of brown, the wood shades and green.

Milan straw, taffeta, satin, moire, felt and crepe de chine, used singly or in conjunction with each other, are the leading fabrics of the modiste. A slightly different note is sounded through the use of ribbons, both moire and grosgrain, as the material for the hat itself.

Greatest variety is offered in the way of ornamentation. Ribbon elaborates almost every type of hat. The tailored models stress buckles and ribbon bands as well as bows. Embroidered monograms appear on drooping ribbon trimmings, while jeweled ones settle on the brims of upturned models.

The single white gardenia, the ribbon cockade, the embroidered motif and medallion all come in for their share of attention on the bonnet. And last, but never least, comes the irreplaceable scarf, this time appearing with the hat in a matching set.

Variety of Fabrics to Make Tailleur Popular

So successful has been the simple tailored suit from the first week of appearance in the world of fashion that its creators have been compelled to keep on the alert for new materials. The suit of twill, hairline stripes or covert has become a standardized mode.

These suits are not the prerogative solely of slim youth. They have been adapted cleverly to every type of figure. Even a large woman may wear one and know that she is correctly and appropriately dressed.

A strong reaction in favor of tweeds and homespun has been noticed and the fact that reports from Paris tell of tweed and homespun suits created by several of the most famous designers is expected to influence the vogue of these materials in this country.

The new woolsens of this type are lovely. Colors in many cases have been inspired by nature. One sees the soft tones of sand, the subtle shades of heather, colors taken from the plumage of birds and, most interesting of all, colors that faithfully reproduce the browns, tans and creamy yellow seen in butterfly wings. For this reason they are called butterfly tweeds.

Little Dollie Varden Frock of White Taffeta



This quaint Little Dollie Varden frock for dancing is built of flowered white taffeta.

Porch Apron Suitable for General House Wear



For the "light housekeeper" particularly, this charming little porch apron is most suitable; and it is quite the thing when the maid takes her afternoon off and the servant problem is to be considered.

Kinds of Bobs That Are Not Considered Stylish

There is that old-fashioned looking kind of bob, which, for all its newness, is familiar. You survey it curiously, particularly if it appears at dinner on a head which at breakfast wore slick black coils. The bangs—the close, flat contour, just waving softly above ears which were modestly covered not so long ago—that boyish flatness at the back—"where," you ask yourself, "have I seen that head before?" Well, if you must know, in the family album of 1880 or thereabouts, tight basques, long sleeves, tie-backs and all. Only then women mostly wore French twists, with the hair tucked under. If you look at a picture of Irene Bordino in "Little Miss Bluebeard," you'll see the type. This is very pliant, and in some cases very charming, and it's the kind of bob which has made a creature of distinction out of many an ugly duckling. For the quick, sparkling boyish type this shingle bob is lovely indeed, and just now it's very good. Even for mature women it has proved successful, but it takes a great deal of grooming, and your head must be very well shaped for the reason that there is nothing in this fashion to disguise it. There is no means of placing a corrective accent here or there, nor developing a curve where Nature has made a plane. If your head is beautifully sculptured the shingle will bring it out to perfection. In any case, it is very young—and that is not to be deplored.

For elongated ovals—those faces which Nature has made long and mournful, or thin and gypsy-like—the right bob is a wonderful thing. And the right bob is likely to be the fluffy, even flapperish kind, with width across the ears and curls to soften any sharpness of contour and severity of chin. And as for a high forehead—well, if you have one, dispose your long hair as you like, but cover it when you bob, for nobody, nobody, should look "high-brow." It isn't done. It may be that you are one of those women whose hair grows beautifully around her face in enchanting curls and scallops and such interesting natural devices as widow's peaks. It may be that your curls are of the sort that take heart in a sea breeze, and positively flourish in a rain, while other less fortunate locks have immediately lapsed into shoe-strings. In either case you are to be congratulated—you probably couldn't make it look ugly by any fashion of bob.

Meanwhile selection is advisable for most of us, and curling tongs, brilliantine and hair waxes will continue to be in demand.—The Designer.

Construction of an oven that turns lignite into a substance with heating properties similar to anthracite has resulted from experiments conducted by the bureau of mines co-operating with the University of North Dakota and the Canadian government. Four years ago congress appropriated \$100,000 to carry on our experiments. Lignite charcoal should be available in periods of hard coal famine that may occur in the future.

Built Own Guillotine
Isidor Hespel, nicknamed "the jackal," was for many years the executioner in the French penal settlement at Cayenne, French Guiana. Recently he killed a convict in a quarrel and was himself sentenced to be beheaded. Not having much confidence in his successor he petitioned to be allowed to build his own guillotine, which, favor the government.

Keyhole in Demand
Peter was no different from other boys. Sometimes when his sister's friend would call he would entertain him in the drawing-room until Dolly came downstairs. One night the young man asked the youngster if he ever peeped through the keyhole while he and the boy's sister were in the drawing-room. With a sudden burst of candor, Peter answered: "Sure, when mother isn't there first!"—Boston Post.

Improved Golf Shaft
After several years of experimenting a new golf shaft, made entirely of hickory and comprising nine sections, has been invented. It is claimed to be "differ proof"—in other words, as nearly unbreakable as a golf shaft of a light material can be made.

Revenge
Mr.—Hub! Isn't dinner ready yet?
Mrs. (sweetly)—Why no, dear, you see I got it ready by the clock—the one you set when you came in this morning.—New York Sun and Globe.

Children Ory
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Bronze Statue Mystery to Pioneer of Oregon Trail

"It's a small world after all," said Ezra Meeker, oldest living pioneer of the Oregon trail, as he gazed the other day on a bronze statue of himself that was uncovered in a small art shop in Vienna and brought to this country by A. Well, an Englishman.

The romance and mystery surrounding the statue were heightened by Mr. Meeker's declaration that he had not posed for the piece, did not know it was in existence and could not offer an explanation for its presence so far away from the Old West in which he spent his early days.

"There are my oxen," said the pioneer as he examined the base of the miniature statue with a magnifying glass. "Look how that horn turns down; how well I remember that!" He found that even the improvised cloth feed bin, used in going over the pioneer trails, was depicted true to life. The statue itself is Mr. Meeker in miniature. The broad-brimmed hat, the beaded Indian vest, even the gauntlets, the pioneer recognized at a glance.

Mr. Well was unable to satisfy Mr. Meeker's curiosity regarding the original of the statue. The method of casting bronze in Austria is familiar to Mr. Well, he said, and could not be duplicated easily outside of the country. Mr. Well is sure it was produced in Vienna. The sculptor's name, inscribed on the base, is O. Curiz, but the name does not offer any clue to the origin of the piece.

Stock for Indian Arrow Required to Be Perfect

Every plains tribesman had hanging in it a bunch of slender sticks seasoning for arrows.

If particular in the materials for his bow the brave was even more so where arrow stock was concerned. Any available hardwood, if straight and free from knots, served. When seasoned, the shaft was meticulously scraped and smoothed and feathered with various plumes. The Arapahoes and Cheyenne usually used those of the wild turkey, softened in tepid water, split and glued with a glue made from a large muscle at the back of the neck of the buffalo, writes Frank H. Huston in "Adventure."

The glue was less susceptible to climatic variations than any other used by the tribes. The final touch was given by placing an individual mark upon the shaft to identify the person who made the kill, whether of human or brute game.

Heads were made from flint, obsidian, odd bits of iron and even old barrel hoops, until, toward the last of the bow and arrow days, traders carried in iron ones made in eastern and English manufacturing towns, shipped in barrels.

Spain's Gift to Britain

Spain has recently made England a present of a model of the Santa Maria, the ship in which Columbus sailed to America, and the gift recalls others given at various times by one country to another.

Everybody has heard of the famous Liberty statue in New York. This was presented to America by France in 1884.

Some years ago the French government presented a Sevres vase to the British museum. It is a magnificent specimen and very valuable.

Ancient weapons, such as guns, swords and so on, are fairly common gifts from one country to another. That which is known as "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol" was a gift to Great Britain from the Netherlands. It was cast as long ago as 1544.—London Tit-Bits.

Detecting the Bogus

French chemists have perfected new methods of identifying pictures, according to the American Chemical society. They use groups of red, blue, green or white light to light the picture, and they examine the suspected canvas with the spectrometer. This puts in relief the retouchings, scrapings and changed signatures which constitute a false picture. By employing the ultra-violet ray they make the zinc white and certain varnishes stand out by fluorescence. By scraping off small amounts of paint they have made spectrographic analyses and have been able to determine, for example, in a false Renoir, the presence of a cadmium yellow, when Renoir only used chrome yellow.

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With a sudden burst of candor, Peter answered: "Sure, when mother isn't there first!"—Boston Post.

Improved Golf Shaft
After several years of experimenting a new golf shaft, made entirely of hickory and comprising nine sections, has been invented. It is claimed to be "differ proof"—in other words, as nearly unbreakable as a golf shaft of a light material can be made.

Revenge
Mr.—Hub! Isn't dinner ready yet?
Mrs. (sweetly)—Why no, dear, you see I got it ready by the clock—the one you set when you came in this morning.—New York Sun and Globe.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 29, 1824

The steamboat, Olive Branch, in passing down the bay a few days ago, came in contact with a small sail boat; the steamer was under such headway that she passed directly over the small boat, before she could be stopped, and it was thought that all on board the sail boat had perished. Just afterwards the boat appeared at the stern of the steamer, with two men on her bottom, who had followed her fortunes under the steamer and were taken up uninjured by their aquatic excursion.

Died in Marietta, Ohio, 1st Inst. Gen. Rufus Putnam, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and the Father of the Western Country. General Lafayette is now the only surviving general officer which fought the battles of the Revolution.

The annual town meeting will be held Tuesday next. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of the Freonien.

The weather for the past ten days has been uncomfortably cold, with killing frosts in the northern part of the state.

Arrived 24th, Ship Hope, Rider, of this port, from London. Sailed in company with Brig Higley of this port, for Matanzas. Brig Baltic of this port arrived at Gibraltar April 1. Sailed May 1, Ship Robinson Potter of this port, for Campeachy; at Curacao, May 2nd, ship Corona of this port.

The cargo of the Brig New Columbia, from Matanzas, consisting of 263 hogheads, 23 tierces and 12 barrels of molasses now landing and for sale by Wm. Collins & Co.

The Connecticut Legislature has nominated John Q. Adams for President. The vote stood Adams 124, Jackson 14, Crawford 7, and Clay 2.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, June 2, 1849

Among the passengers who arrived on Saturday last from Liverpool was the Rev. Thatcher Thayer of this city, Pastor of the Spring Street Church, after an absence of upwards of two years. Mr. T. returned to his home in this town on Wednesday afternoon and was warmly greeted by the Society and his numerous friends. During his tour he has visited Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy and England.

The Editor of the Providence Journal, after showing how this place might be built up, says "Every thing in Newport will improve except the beauty of the women which has long since reached perfection."

Married in New Bedford on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Charles L. Stanhope of this town, to Miss Ann Maria, daughter of the late Capt. Lewis Adams, of New Bedford.

The following gentlemen have been appointed County Inspectors of the public schools for the year ending May, 1850: Rev. Joseph Smith and Rev. Charles T. Brooks of Newport, William C. Chapin, Fall River, Dr. John M. Keith, Portsmouth, and Rev. Jared Reed of Tiverton Four Corners.

"Albany Ale of the purest and finest quality for sale by Stacy, at the corner of Thames and Frank streets. (That was seventy-five years ago remember. It may be sold in that neighborhood now, but if it is, only the initiated know where to find it. Times have changed.)"

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 30, 1874

Newport's Election Day for 1874 has come and passed. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, etc., have been declared duly elected for the "year ensuing," the invocation of the Divine Ruler to "save the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations" during the time has been duly heralded from the balcony of the State House, the worthy legislators have assembled to make laws for the space of two days, and now all is passed and Newport is left to peace and quiet once more.

Mrs. Martha Littlefield, widow of the late William Littlefield, formerly Collector of the port of Newport, who died in Brooklyn on the 23d inst., left by will several handsome bequests to Newport and different societies in the city.

The death of Mr. Swinburne causes a vacancy in Newport's General Assembly delegation. The vacancy is to be filled by election next Friday. Mr. Benj. Finch is mentioned as the most probable candidate for the position. No better man can be found.

The women of Newport sent in a petition to the General Assembly urging the passage of the Prohibitory law signed by 1437 ladies, and the whole number of lady signers to similar petitions amounted to over 10,000.

General Horace Binney Sargent of Boston is to be the orator today at the Memorial Day exercises.

John E. Lake is Post Commander and in command of the Memorial Day parade.

In the cemeteries of Newport and at Fort Adams are the graves of 120 men who lost their lives in the late Rebellion, or who have since died, who were in their country's service.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, June 3, 1899

The General Assembly finished its May session on Thursday with neatness and despatch. Much business was transacted during the three days, and the members generally attended constantly to their duties notwithstanding the many side attractions. The May session of 1899 may be set down as a model session.

Newport never looked finer than she did on Election Day this year. The decorations surpassed anything ever before exhibited in this city, and the people turned out en masse to welcome the distinguished visitors.

Every member of the General Assembly and the State Government expressed themselves as more than pleased with the reception they received while in Newport this time. The reception to the Admiral and his officers on Tuesday evening was a grand success and was enjoyed by hosts of people.

It is estimated that there were more than 25,000 strangers in Newport on Tuesday, and they were all well cared for. It was an old-fashioned Election in the best sense of the term. We hope to have many more like it. (Alas for hopes. That was the last Election Day Newport was ever to enjoy.)

Lecture Day parade this year was the largest ever seen in Newport in the last two hundred years.

The bluejackets and marines from the North Atlantic squadron had their innings, when all the men that could be spared came ashore and partook of a bountiful dinner prepared for them on the old polo lot.

Miss Myra Reynolds and Miss Maud Harrington will attend the commencement exercises at Vassar College. Miss Alice Taggart is a member of the graduating class.

Mr. William H. Chase of Portsmouth had his pocket picked while in Newport Lecture Day. He had \$40 in a pocket book in his trousers' pocket and the thief secured both.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Hammett Seabury of Springfield, Mass., have been the guests of Hon. T. Mumford Seabury this week.

The graduating exercises of the Rogers High School will this year take place on June 21.

The North Atlantic Squadron will remain here till June 14, when it will go to Boston, and after a brief stay there, it will return to Newport till the middle of July.

CIRCUS DAY PROGRAM

Standard Time

6.00 a. m. Sparks Circus train due to arrive from Woonsocket.
6.30 a. m. Unloading and removal of tents, paraphernalia wagons, animals, etc., to the Circus grounds.
7.30 a. m. Erecting kitchen, dining, dressing, menagerie, blacksmith and horse tents.
8.00 a. m. Breakfast served to the 700 circus employees.
8.30 a. m. Hoisting of mammoth white top in which main performance takes place, a lesson in practical efficiency. Side show erected.
10.30 a. m. The elaborate street parade will leave the grounds at Wellington Park and will proceed to West Narragansett Avenue, to Narragansett avenue, to Bellevue, to Kay, to Everett, to Broadway, to Washington Square, to Thames street, to the Show Grounds.
1.00 p. m. Doors open for leisurely inspection of menagerie. Band concert 1 to 2.
2.00 p. m. Afternoon performance commences.
6.00 p. m. Concert of popular and classical music played on the world's largest steam piano, which can be heard for five miles without the aid of radiophones.
7.00 p. m. Doors again opened to public. Menagerie. Band concert 7 to 8.
8.00 p. m. Evening performance of the Circus complete in detail.
11.00 p. m. Concerted night movement to circus trains.
12.00 p. m. Departure of circus trains for Fall River.

Some names are being added to the registration books each day, but as June 30th is the last day for registering in order to vote at the fall elections considerable activity will need to be shown in the remaining month. There is imperative need for a large registration this year.

The returns from "Poppy Day," held last Saturday to raise funds for disabled veterans, were very satisfactory. A large corps of workers sold many poppies on the street.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 12th, 1924

Estate of Mary Shea
REQUEST in writing is made by Veronica Katherine Donnelly of said Newport, daughter by adoption of Mary Shea, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Max Levy, of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Second day of June next at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 26th, 1924.

Estate of Hannah Sullivan
MICHAEL J. SULLIVAN, Administrator of the estate of Hannah Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs, at-law; and the same is received and referred to the Sixteenth day of June next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, May 10, 1924.

Estate of Thomas H. Mott
REQUEST in writing is made by Elena D. Mott and other heirs of Thomas H. Mott, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that Harry L. Smith, suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Second day of June at two o'clock p. m. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, May 10, 1924.

Estate of Thomas H. Mott
REQUEST in writing is made by Elena D. Mott, daughter of Thomas H. Mott, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, praying this Court to make a reasonable allowance for the support of his family for the six months next succeeding the date of his death out of the estate of said deceased and said request is received and referred to the Second day of June, 1924, at two o'clock p. m. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, May 10, 1924.

Estate of Edward Clifton Mott
A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Edward Clifton Mott, a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of Thomas H. Mott, late of New Shoreham, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of E. Roy Davis of said New Shoreham as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice and the same is received and referred to the Second day of June, at two o'clock p. m. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, May 5, 1924.

Estate of William H. Baker
AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of William H. Baker, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Second day of June at two o'clock p. m. at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I. May 12th, 1924.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of ELIZABETH A. DUNN, of said New Shoreham and has given bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EZRA B. DUNN, Guardian.
EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Barzillai B. DUNN
New Shoreham, May 17, 1924.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham of Barzillai B. DUNN, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and his qualification by giving bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning May 17th, 1924.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
EZRA B. DUNN, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I. May 17, 1924.
Estate of James M. Conley
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby give notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham of Administrator of the estate of James M. Conley, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and her qualification by giving bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning May 17th, A. D. 1924.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
MARY B. CONLEY, Administratrix.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 26th, 1924.

Estate of John P. Sullivan

MICHAEL J. SULLIVAN, Administrator of the estate of John P. Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution to the heirs at-law; and the same is received and referred to the Sixteenth day of June next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 26th, 1924.

Estate of Thomas J. Nolan

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Thomas J. Nolan, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Sixteenth day of June next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

WORLD'S TENTED MASTERPIECE
SPARKS CIRCUS
THIS SEASON AUGMENTED BY THE EARL'S FINEST DISPLAY OF TRAINED WILD BEASTS
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY at 2 and 8 P.M. DOORS OPEN 7 P.M. THE COMPREHENSIVE PROGRAM
GRAND STREET PARADE 10:30 P.M. FREE HAIN OR SHINE A.M.
PRICES: CHILDREN Under 12 30 cts. ADULTS 75 cts. Including Tax
Seats on sale, Circus Day at BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE Same Price as at Show Grounds.
NEWPORT WELLINGTON PARK
3 TUES. 3 JUNE 3

THE MUMFORD SEABURY CO.
SPRING SHOES
New and authentic styles of suede, calfskin and patent leather, in strap pumps and oxfords for women
Men's oxfords on new lasts with style and quality emphasized
Boys', girls' and children's shoes in novelty and staple styles
The T. Mumford Seabury Co. 214 Thames Street. Tel. 787
Improved Train Service
Newport and Boston Daily Schedules
Lv. Newport Due Boston
7.15 a. m. 9.10 a. m.
8.05 a. m. 10.13 a. m.
11.10 a. m. 1.10 p. m.
2.00 p. m. 4.10 p. m.
4.00 p. m. 6.10 p. m.
8.25 p. m. 10.35 p. m.
Lv. Boston Due Newport
11.23 a. m. 1.38 p. m.
*1.25 p. m. 3.47 p. m.
3.25 p. m. 5.30 p. m.
*4.02 p. m. 6.00 p. m.
6.05 p. m. 8.20 p. m.
*10.15 p. m. 12.25 a. m.
* Weekdays only * Sundays only
EASTERN STANDARD TIME
The N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.

When you want the best in QUALITY, WEIGHT and SERVICE
CALL ON US
Over 40 years of catering to the grain buying public have placed us in a position to supply your every need in that line.
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FAMOUS GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS
Mackenzie & Winslow (INCORPORATED)
15 BRANCHES
HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT SHAVINGS
COKE FOR SALE
\$13.50 Per Ton Delivered
\$12.00 Per Ton at Works
60 cents per hundred pounds
Newport Gas Light Co.
Why Pawnbrokers Are "Uncles." The original pawnbrokers were the bankers, and the epithet "uncle" is said to be from the Latin *uncus*, a hook on which the brokers hung their pledges.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS
Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court Newport, R. I.
Newport, May 17, A. D. 1924.
WHEREAS Mary Ellen O'Hara of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Mary Ellen O'Hara and Myles O'Hara, now in parts to the said Mary Ellen O'Hara, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;
NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the said Myles O'Hara of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the 15th Monday of June, A. D. 1924, then and there to respond to said petition.
SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.
Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 22nd, 1924.
Estate of Joseph H. Hunt
A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Joseph H. Hunt, a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of Edward L. Hunt of said Newport and of Anna Hunt, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of Edward L. Hunt, of said Newport, as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice and the same is received and referred to the Ninth day of June next, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

Courteous, Prompt, Accurate Service to All Our Patrons All the Time
Toll Calls While You Wait
FAST inter-city toll calls—toll calls while you wait—toll calls just like a local call—it means just that.
You know the number you want? All right. Just take your receiver off the hook. "Number, please?" To which you reply:
"Boston—Liberty 9876"
"Providence—Broad 2468"
"Narragansett Pier—7591"
And, receiver at your ear, you await the completed connection with the same confidence you feel when you call a Newport neighbor.
But may be you don't know your man's telephone number. Still it's just like a local call. Ask Information. Your own Information.
She'll tell you the desired number with least loss of time. Ask her. You see, from start to finish, it's easy—just like a local call.
New England Telephone and Telegraph Company
WALTER A. WRIGHT, Manager.

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CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY
TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT
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"Red It Is Good"
DOES THE TRICK for PAINS and ACHES
Caused by Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Headache, Backache, Toothache, Stiff Neck, Cold in the Chest, Muscle Soreness, Aching Joints, Strains, Sprains, Bruises.
Nearly every day you have need for it in your home, you should keep it on hand always. Your druggist sells it in large, handy tubes, price 75c. If he hasn't it, send price direct to THE ALPEN CO., 1127 Bee Street, St. Louis, Mo.
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DAVID J. BRYNE
DOWNING BROS.
FRANKLIN PHARMACY, Inc.
NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY
Cuts Leave Washington Square for Providence
Week Days—7:15, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30
New York VIA FALL RIVER LINE
Fare \$4.66 Large, Comfortable State-room Orchestra on each Steamer
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M. Due New York 7:00 A.M.
Looks Like a Pull in Some Cases. Even the Hall of Fame needs a catalogue explaining to many why those in it are there.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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